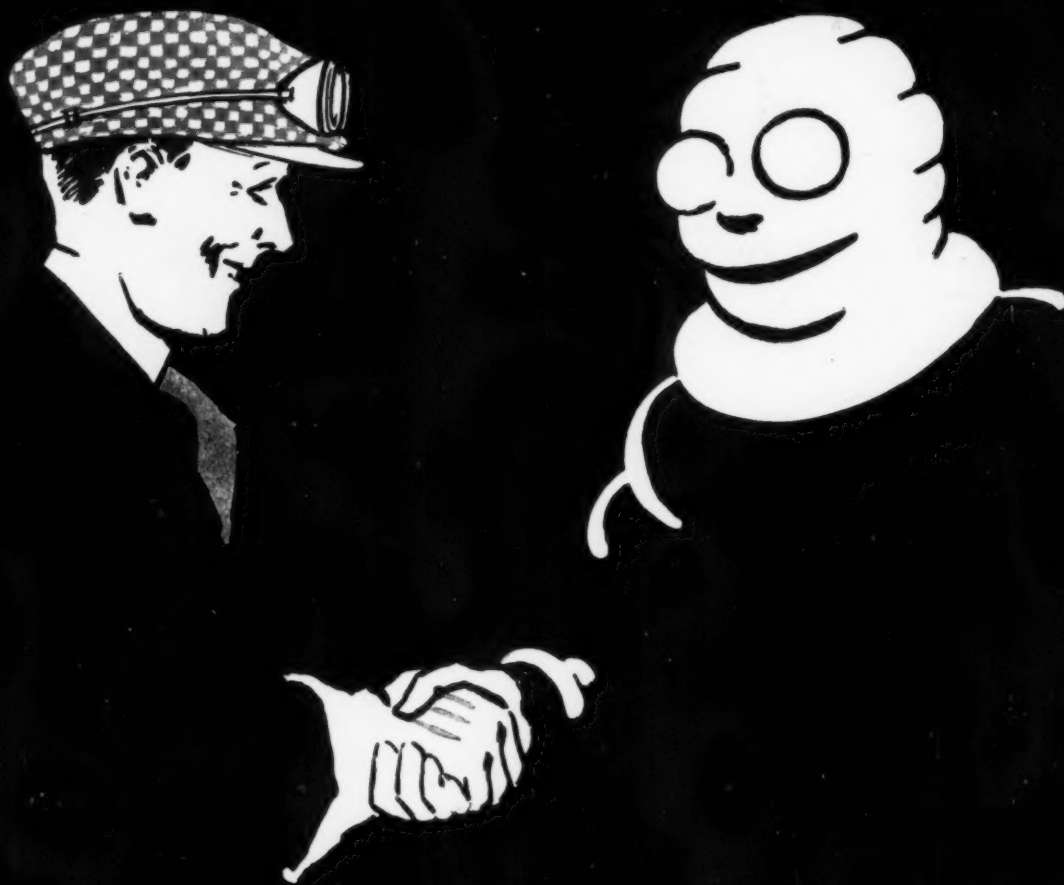




"AU REVOIR"

MICHELIN

DOUBLE CORDS



Double Layers of Cords Between Double Cushions of Rubber Mean Double Tire Service

Michelin Double Cords are built up of double layers of cords instead of single layers; and between each double layer of cords is a double cushion of rubber. This advanced construction produces a tire of unrivalled resiliency and freedom from

blow-outs. In addition, the new Michelin Tread possesses a degree of durability that has never been surpassed—and perhaps never equalled. For a new degree of motoring satisfaction equip your car with Michelin Double Cord Casings.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, Milltown, N. J.
Dealers in all parts of the world



Making Railroads Safe *with* DAYLO

SEVENTY thousand locomotives in the U. S. carry safely and swiftly, millions of passengers and millions of pounds of freight daily with the aid of Daylo.

As soon as an engine reaches the round-house after a run it is minutely inspected and groomed for its next run. Valve gears and bearings must work smoothly, the dark fire box must be examined for broken grates, and the boiler searched for even tiny cracks or leaks that might mean wreck if overlooked.

And here Daylo points its unerring finger of light to the danger spots. In the murky round-

house it shoots its beam where no other light can go.

Wherever lives and money depend on perfect machine action—on locomotives, in power plants, on stationary engines and electrical machinery—and on lathes, drill-presses and planers—wherever wheels turn—Daylo makes sight clear.

In stock, tool and storerooms, too. No bin is so deep, no corner so dark, but what Daylo will instantly find the needed label, tool or material.

All leading electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, and auto accessory jobbers and dealers stock Daylo. Or write us.

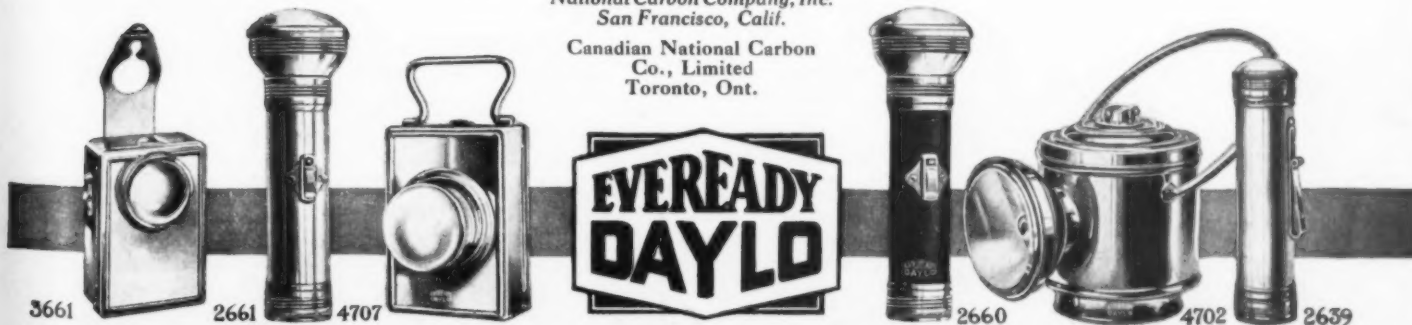
AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS

of National Carbon Company, Inc.

LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

*National Carbon Company, Inc.
San Francisco, Calif.*

*Canadian National Carbon
Co., Limited
Toronto, Ont.*



3661

2661

4707

2660

4702

2639



Fairfax
IVORY
FIBERLOID

The Gift acceptable, intimate and beautiful. At once it becomes an important part of one's daily life

Make your next Gift solid Ivory Fiberloid Toilet Articles, a token which always brings true appreciation—the ideal material for the boudoir. Will not dent, break or tarnish. Sold in sets or singly by high grade dealers.

Ask to see the Fairfax Pattern in Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, Powder and Jewelry Boxes, Cosmetic Jars, Hair Receivers, Perfume Bottles, Pin Cushions, Shoe Horns, Button Hooks, and Manicure Outfits.

Ivory Fiberloid engraves beautifully. An artistic monogram inlaid on each article adds to the charm and the intimacy of possession.

We will send you upon request a complimentary copy of Grace Gardner's booklet, "Beautiful Fairfax," illustrating the Fairfax Pattern, and including "The Care of Hair and Hands."

THE FIBERLOID CORPORATION

Advertising Department, INDIAN ORCHARD, MASSACHUSETTS

SALES ROOMS: 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Dominion Ivory Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

THERE'S NO DOUBT



you'll get the best shoeing—the best service for your horses—and comfort and safety for them by having their shoes put on with Capewell nails. The world's best nail at a fair price. By all odds the cheapest—quality and service considered.

The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.



"CONFOUND IT! I WISH HE WOULD HURRY AND THROW IT!"

Metamorphoses

YOU'VE beaten your swords into ploughshares—

At least, that's the orthodox twist; Your cannon you'll melt up for watches, The kind that are worn on the wrist.

Your hand-grenades, too, as by magic, Will bloom into banks for the kids; Your helmets will serve to hold flowers Long after they've ceased to be "lids."

Your greaves and your gas-masks some use—

Will find, as you take up your lives— But this is the change most delightful: Your sweethearts will turn into wives.

William Wallace Whitelock.

Checona



New but old-fashioned. Why Delay?

FORMERLY KNOWN AS CHECONA EVANS ALE

is not lost—there's the same old cup of kindness yet" in Evans' latest

Try it at hotel, restaurant or dealers
EVANS & SONS Estab. 1786 HUDSON, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT

IGNITION



The New Connecticut Toggle Switch

Connecticut Intense Sparks Save Your Current

YOU use much current in winter, and make little. Frequent starting for short trips and more use of lights draw heavily on your batteries. You haven't the long runs of summer to generate and store power for you.

Save what you have by avoiding prolonged spinning in starting. You can if you get a spark so intense it will fire the poorest mixture.

Connecticut ignition does this, for it gives its best spark at starting speeds; and this spark is not sacrificed through fear of battery drainage. The Automatic Switch safeguards you there.

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC COMPANY
Meriden Connecticut

Seven Ages of a Plot

ONE. The plot germ appears as a three-line joke in LIFE.

TWO. A writer, seeing its possibilities, expands it into a three-thousand-word magazine story.

THREE. A dramatist reads the story and seeing its possibilities, turns it into a three-act drama.

FOUR. A literary friend of the dramatist attends the play, sees its possibilities and works up a novelized version of the drama.

FIVE. A motion-picture director reads the novelized play, sees its possibilities and converts it into a five-reel movie melodrama.

SIX. A writer of serials sees the picture and recognizing its possibilities, dashes off a six-installment thriller.

SEVEN. A humorist reads the serial, sees its possibilities, and subsequently it appears in LIFE as a three-line joke.

TACT—Diplomacy with a heart in it.



We Are Still Out

LAST week we walked out on the Business Office, refusing to yield to their unjust demands. They wanted us to print every week an atrocious coupon filled with subscription rates, asking innocent people to subscribe to this paper. They wanted us to boom LIFE all the time in this page, bore everybody to tears by begging them to become regular subscribers, to rub it in that they must obey that impulse, and to give outsiders the impression that LIFE was a perfectly ripping humorous paper, filled with gems of wit, etc., etc. A list of our grievances against the B. O. would fill a complete issue of this paper.

Now they tell us that we have selected the worst time in the world to walk out on them—just when a lot of special numbers are coming and wonderful new covers and a grand contest, and so on. Of course. Why not? We struck at the psychological moment. We hope we know our profession.

But one thing is certain, and we want all of LIFE's readers to understand this once and for all. We are no slaves to the business end of this paper. We are not striking for more money or shorter hours, but for free advertising determination, for liberty of thought and action. We expect to say occasionally some nice things about this paper—when they are deserved. We shall probably ask you now and then to become subscribers, if we think the coming numbers justify it. But our opinions cannot be bought. Furthermore, whenever we see fit we shall reserve the

right to omit that coupon from the right-hand corner of this page, where it has usually been appearing.

The fact is that the Business Office is very much overestimated. All business offices are. We advertising writers may as well face this thing now, while the facing is good. It's time we all got together and stood out for our principles.

Take our humble selves as an instance. For years we have been advertising LIFE in this page, and we confess that we have often yielded to the meretricious blandishments of the sordid B. O.

Eventually the B. O. will have to yield. The right will prevail. Nobody owns us. In the meantime, if they can find space anywhere else in this paper to publish LIFE's subscription rates (as complicated as they have always seemed to our simple understanding), we have no objection. We believe in giving everybody a fair chance.

Meanwhile, we stand on this ultimatum:

No compulsory coupon.

No insincere urge to subscribe.

No holding back from telling the truth about coming numbers.

No paragraphs of fulsome praise of this paper, inserted after we have passed the proof and gone home for the night.*

*See our issue of January 29, where the B. O. inserted the paragraph in italics on our page, just because we sneaked home an hour earlier that evening to celebrate the baby's first birthday.



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Specif
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"Not a Tire Came Back"

Some Remarkable Uniformity Records

Buffalo reports that not a single Miller Tire has been returned defective. There the use is largely on big cars and trucks, and Miller sales are large.

Green & Swett Co. of Boston report 2,000 Millers sold in a year, and 13 returned for adjustment.

In Akron—our home town—Miller Tires dominate.

Factory Records

Here records from everywhere center. We find that more than 99 Miller Tires in 100 exceed expected mileage.

Never one tire built under our new methods has come back with tread gone.

Fighting Defects

That uniformity, due to ten years of study, is the chief of the Miller accomplishments.

Our constant effort is to always match the best tires we produce.

Each tire is signed. A record is kept on it. If it ever comes back, with a small or a great record, we investigate the reason.

We test each batch of rubber, so that varying types may be selected to exactly meet requirements.

A Radical Test

The Eldorado Stage Co. of Los Angeles run 17 Packard Buses 153 miles a day. They carry 12 passengers and weigh 8,600 pounds loaded.

Miller won in their road tests, by long odds, against 21 rival makes. And in many other stage-line tests.

All tread stock is vulcanized and tested daily in our laboratory, before a tread is made. So treads do not fall down.

Geared-up machines in our factory run 16 tires 650 miles each per day. We wear out 1000 tires per year to watch Miller uniformity.

We spend \$300 daily to test

cord and fabric, so weakness can't creep in there.

Fifty experts inspect the finished tires, and a fault very rarely gets by. A mistake is traced and the workman penalized.

Compare Mileage

You hear everywhere tales about Miller Tire mileage. See what you get on your car.

Put another tire on the opposite wheel. See how Miller compares with the other.

Mileage varies with conditions—size, load, care and road. But, under like conditions Miller Tires will win you. And the records you make are dependable.

When a tire makes the records that Miller has made, you owe to yourself a test.

Tread Patented

Center tread smooth, with suction cups to firmly grasp wet asphalt. Geared-to-the-Road side Treads, to mesh like cogs in dirt.



THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform Geared-to-the-Road Tires—Also Miller Red and Grey Inner Tubes—Team-Mates of Uniform Tires—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.

Miller Tires

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Cords or Fabrics

Specify Miller Tires on your new car if it lacks them

To dealers we offer a rare opportunity



FIRST *in* Retail Delivery

DEPARTMENT store service is the laboratory of retail delivery. Not only is it the most searching test to which a delivery truck can be put, it is also the most sensitive recorder of results.

The operations are constant and exacting. To keep a stream of merchandise flowing from railway terminal to warehouse, from warehouse to delivery depot, from depot to the customer's doorstep, requires unfailing performance daily, hourly, in all kinds of weather.

A slight interruption might throw the whole system out of gear. A small saving in cost or time of delivery is a big item, when applied to millions of packages.

Department stores *must* have the best delivery equipment. Competition compels it. For years they have been testing out all grades and makes in search of the most efficient truck. The weeding-out process is still on. But steadily and surely White Trucks are being standardized in the largest and most important retail fleets. In metropolitan centres they are the very backbone of department store service.

In New York, eighteen Department Stores operate 431 White Trucks; in Pittsburgh, ten stores operate 291; in Cleveland, eight stores operate 120. In all, 224 Dry Goods and Department Stores operate 1639 White Trucks.

Many stores report mileage records for their White Trucks of 100,000, 200,000 and 300,000 miles. Gimbel Brothers say: "Our White Trucks (25) purchased in 1911 and 1912 have run over 100,000 miles each and are still in service. We have compared them with three other standard trucks and have decided they are best suited to our use." Gimbel Brothers now own 78 Whites.

In the White fleet owned by The Higbee Company, Cleveland, one truck has covered 265,000 miles, another 225,000 and another 100,000 miles.

White Truck performance in department store service is so widely and favorably known that it has become the standard for the whole retail delivery field. Comparative records everywhere show that White Trucks *do the most work for the least money.*

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

WHITE TRUCKS

LIFE



OUT OF DANGER

Home

I HAD heard "the beat of the offshore wind
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain,"
And I harked to the hail of the wonder trail
And I sailed on the rolling main.

I have breathed the air of the fo'c'sle there,
And I've heard the engines champ,
And I've fed the fire to my heart's desire
In the stokehole of a tramp;

And I've had my fill of the rovers' thrill
And the life that is "broad and free,"
And I'm beating it back on the shortest tack
To the place where I want to be.

For I've had enough of this roving stuff;
No more of the same in mine.
You can plant me down in the roaring town
Where the little old white lights shine.

Oh, I'll be content though my time is spent
On a job in a dry goods store,
And I'll laugh out loud in a subway crowd
To know that I'm home once more.

For the call of the sea may be very keen,
But I shall be deaf thereat.
I can "see the world" on a movie screen
A block or two from my flat.

The tramp of feet on the city's street
Beats the beat of the offshore wind,
And the clang and jar of a trolley car
Has the throb of an engine skinned.

For though I burned for the trail, I've learned
That I was a bit misled,
And the city's thrall is the only call
That counts with the city-bred!

Berton Braley.



THE COST OF LIVING WILL COME DOWN ABOUT THE TIME THE ABOVE TAKES PLACE

Our Presidential Department

WE regret to announce that we have had to abandon our idea of electing the next President. We have one first-class campaigning outfit on hand, in splendid condition, scarcely shopworn, which we will be glad to dispose of for a mere song to any political party needing one.

We have no regrets. We are glad we tried the experiment. It was a beautiful Utopian dream while it lasted. We had our brief idealistic day, and shall always look back upon it as one of the brightest spots in our life. But it was not to be.

There was no difficulty in securing suitable candidates for the presidency. Out of the many applications received we had already picked several first-class men.

Also, our program was exceedingly simple, the main points being as follows:

A President elected directly by the people, without the connivance of campaign committees, politicians or distinguished plutocrats.

Light wines and beer for everybody.

An army and navy removed from

political corruption and bureaucratic idiocy.

Prohibition of slums, child labor, profiteers, congressional stupidity and extravagance, educational fads and prohibitionists.

Feminine wardrobes, including one three-piece suit, and all accessories, not to exceed five hundred dollars.

Compulsory education for editorial writers, college professors and all mayors of cities with populations over one million.

A free press.

Admission of Milwaukee to the Union.

Maximum salary of all walking delegates, two dollars a day.



THE DISCOVERY

WHY THERE WERE SO FEW AT PRAYER MEETING LAST NIGHT



LATE FOR DINNER
THE MAN WHO HAS FORGOTTEN HIS BOYHOOD

A Ballade of Railroad Folders

(Under the U. S. Railroad Administration all schedules are printed in black and white; there are no more colored folders.)

NO more they shine in colors gay,
Folders that once our praises won!
In somber black and white are they,
And boast not even gray nor dun.
By whom was this foul work begun?
Who stripped away those hues sublime?
Ah, they are gone, yea, every one.
Where are the folders of old time?

Where is the dark blue *Santa Fé*?
Where the bright yellow *Burlington*?
Where the red keystone? (Who shall say?)

Great Northern's green, surpassed by none?

Where is the *S. P.'s* setting sun?
Since when is color judged a crime,
That we the dye so strictly shun?
Where are the folders of old time?

How often on some winter day
I took them fondly, one by one,
And whiled a pleasant hour away
A-figuring miles to Eggleston,
Or wondering whether Pullmans run
On that jerk-water road to Thyme.
With plain white schedules it's no fun—
Where are the folders of old time?

Prince Hines, of this foul work have done!

Lest poets have no heart to rhyme;
There's lack of color 'neath the sun—
Where are the folders of old time?

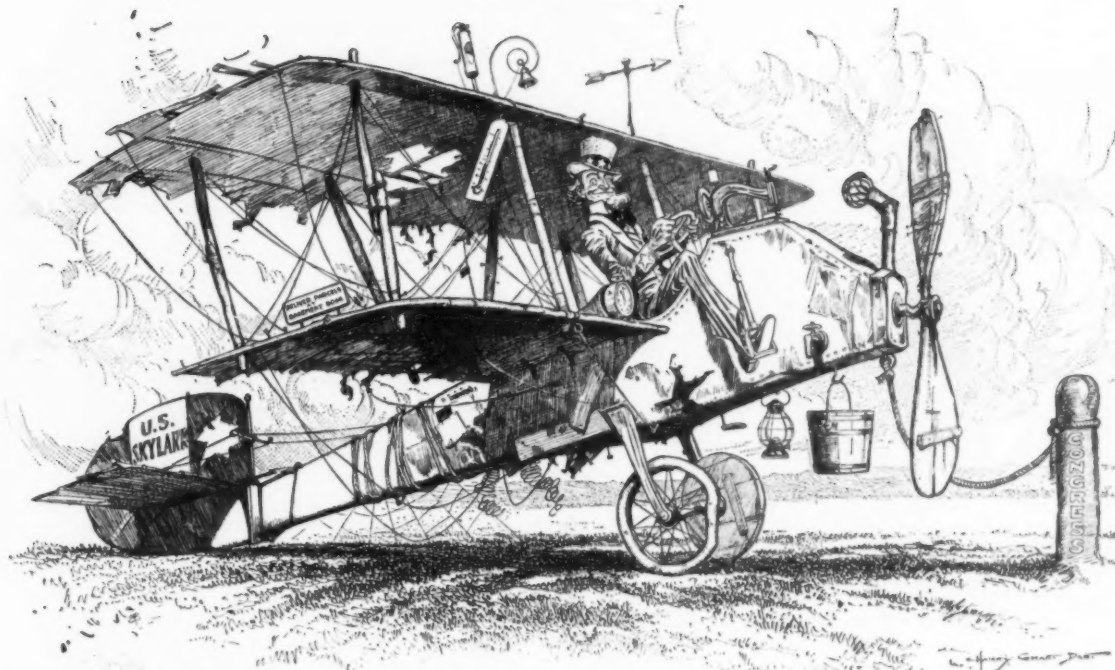
George R. Stewart, Jr.



ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES



BACK NUMBERS



"WONDER WHAT'S WRONG?"

New Names for Banks

IN the early history of banking in this country, particularly in New York, there was a First National and institutions with similar names. Later on the Butchers' & Drovers' Bank was established, and one finds banks named for Importers & Traders, Merchants, Farmers and Mechanics & Metals. It becomes increasingly evident that if the bankers intend to name their institutions for the various classes having money to deposit, there must be a radical change. A modern bank directory is not representative of the money in the vaults.

It is not too late for banks to be rechartered under new names or for new banking institutions to be started. During the present year we may expect to see many new financial institutions, organized to take care of those who have the wealth of the country in their pockets at present, and appropriately named in order to attract this unusual per-capita distribution. Among the new banks rumored are: Plumbers' National, Housemaids' Savings & Trust Company, Riveters' Reserve Bank, Bricklayers' Bank, Headwaiters' & Checkers' Association for Savings, Steel Workers' Savings Bank, Dock Workers' National Bank, Garment Workers' Trust Company, Machinists' Exchange Bank, Brotherhoods' Surplus Bank, Mine Workers' Title & Trust Company, Plumb Plan Bank of Commerce, Longshoremen's Loan & Savings Bank. A splendid idea, after these banks are open for business, would be a provision in each charter for a special surplus out of which a fund could be created for aged and infirm capitalists, bookkeepers, school-teachers, physicians and salaried and professional people generally.

FOR some people half the battle consists in looking prosperous; the other half, in getting credit on the strength of such prosperity.



POSSIBLE EFFECT OF THE MOVIE HABIT ON A FUTURE GENERATION

Lent

NOW that all the fads of fashion
Run to sad and somber hues,
And the skies are drear and ashen,
And one often has the "blues";
Now disgruntled Mrs. Grundy
Says to beaux and belles, "Repent,"
And the week seems one long Sunday—
It is Lent!

Now that dances, now that dinners,
Are considered quite taboo;
Now there's such a crowd of sinners
In the unaccustomed pew;
Now that teas are on the tapis
(Oh, the savory Ceylon scent!)
And one scarcely dares be happy—
It is Lent!

Now that social self-denial
Is, beyond all doubt, the thing,
And old Time creeps round the dial
Like a bird with wounded wing,
And, if one the truth confesses,
Now that maiden hours are spent
Planning hats and Easter dresses—
It is Lent!

Clinton Scollard.

In Crowded New York

"I was very thoughtful of you to recommend that delightful restaurant."

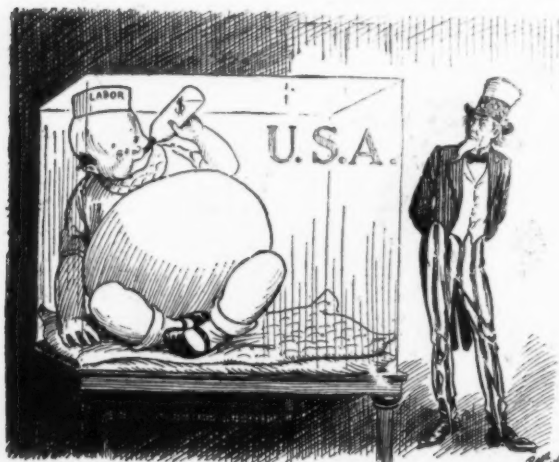
"You mean the one just off Fifth Avenue? Don't you love luncheons there?"

"Oh, I started for luncheon, but only got there in time for tea."



RUDE AWAKENINGS

WHEN THE GIRL YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD MADE A HIT WITH INTRODUCES YOU TO HER FIANCE



THE INCUBATOR BABY

The Family of a Celebrity

ALTHOUGH the sun was blazing hot, the family of Jonah was sitting outside in the sand. There were guests in the house of Jonah, but Mother Jonah was with the family. Mother Jonah looked bored. So did all the little Jonahs. So did the handmaidens. From inside the tent came a droning sound. The two elder Jonah boys exchanged winks.

Jonah was recounting, for the seven hundred and forty-fifth time, his adventure with the whale.

"I SUPPOSE your head salesman is the nerviest man in your employ?"

"No," replied the president of the big corporation; "it's our efficiency expert. He's just put himself through his own psychological test, and decided that his salary should be doubled."



"WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER WITH YO', MOSE?"
 "I DUNNO, DOC. I EATS WELL, I SLEEPS WELL, AND I FEELS PRETTY GOOD GENER'LY; BUT WHEN I GETS A JOB OF WORK, I'SE ALL A-TREMBLE."

He Really Enjoyed It

IN these decadent days there are too few men who really show any zest in their work. We confess to a hankering for the chap who frankly enjoys his profession, even if it is only that of mattress tester in a feather-bed factory. That's why we have been enjoying the lively reminiscences of Al Jennings,

train-robber and statesman. Al's story has been running in the papers as a biographical sketch of O. Henry, who first encouraged him to do a little cracksmanship on the English language. But, as far as we have gone, O. Henry plays little part. The thing we like is the zest that friend Al shows in describing his train-robberies. He says:

I fired in the air. They ducked. The fun was getting hot and furious. I was as happy as a drunkard. And then the engine began to heave, and the train pulled out. I was afraid of nothing. I wanted to run after it and kick it good-by. I felt like bellowing. I wanted everyone to know I had stuck up a train and done it wonderfully.

Now, what we want to know is, why is it that so few of us get that same spunk and pep in the legitimate concerns of life? Even Henry Ford, dear saint that he is, seems to get only a

very mild and lukewarm lust out of making flivvers. Is it that man's inmost heart only warms up to crime? Or is it, by any chance, that Al Jennings is looking forward to the possibility of this government ownership of railroads we hear about, when train-robbing would once more become easy and safe and profitable?

A Mystery

TED: On account of the newsprint shortage, the size of the Chicago papers is going to be reduced.

NED: In that case, how in the world will they be able to report all the hold-ups and murders?

"**YES**, sir, I tell you that an actor gets paid according as he can amuse the public."

"Nonsense. Does Bryan make more than Charlie Chaplin?"



NURSIE



Subub: YES, WE HAVE ONE OF THOSE PORTABLE HOUSES.
"THEN WHY THE DICKENS DON'T YOU MOVE IT INTO TOWN?"

Time

DIMPLETON has telephoned for a plumber, and at the end of a couple of hours descends to find that individual working in the cellar.

DIMPLETON (*skeptically*): How long have you been a plumber?

"Me, sir? Oh, I'm just learnin'."

A HAPPY MEDIUM—One endorsed by Sir Oliver.

His Father's Boots

OLD VINCENT started life as a journeyman carpenter, but now he owns a lease of lumber companies and a string of mills. When his son was born, Old Vincent made a vow that the boy "was going to have those things that I missed."

For a starter the boy spent several years at a school where he was marked on Posture, Eurythmics and Social Sense. He learned how many miles there are in the sea-coast of Labrador, and how far it is from here to the sun. He learned to love Beauty from plaster casts, to love music from phonograph records, to love nature from canned polliwogs and caged canaries, and to love human-kind from statistics on underfeeding. When he was old enough to steer, Old Vincent gave him a light runabout, but he was ashamed to take his friends riding until he had a twelve-cylinder sedan. Later he went to the university and learned to tie a tie, shake hands with apparent warmth, and take his liquor without a shudder. He then went abroad to finish his education. In England he learned how to follow the beagles, to pronounce "schedule" and "conservatory," and to wear checkered waistcoats. In France he learned how to talk to head waiters. Now he is learning to work by renting a duplex studio full of Bakst riot scenes, and taking weekly lessons in clay modeling and playing the taro-patch fiddle.

In spite of all these advantages there are carping critics who say that the boy will never be the man his father is.

Ah, well, *cherchez la femme*, as the boulevards have it. Old Vincent's Christian name is Jim, but his wife insisted on naming this boy Roderick Douglass Morgan-Vincent.



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!

The Biograph

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

A POLLO, Tuneful Twin of Dian,
We sing of William Jennings
Bryan,
Whom neither Fate nor Time may
quell,
Our Phoenix-bird, our Immortelle!
A Hundred Times his Bones are
planted,
His Mournful Threnody is chanted,
Yet up he'll bob, the Lord knows when,
To chortle, "Here We Are Again!"
When Diplomatic Errata
Had made him Non Persona Grata,
Propelled by no Rude Force behind,
He Blandly Tactfully Resigned.
Says he, "My Views, I know, distress
you.
(Yes, that's my hat.) Good-by. God
bless you!"
And off he goes, alas, alack!
But don't you worry He'll be back,
Where Boards are spread with Snowy
Tissue
He reappears and brings an Issue,
While all the Diners cry, "Police!
Here comes that dratted Dove of
Peace!"

Arthur Guiterman.

"DOES your son ever complain?"
"Whenever he does, I bring out
his army uniform."



The Gentleman: THAT WAS AN ODD MARRIAGE. THINK OF
SEEING THAT FACE ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE, FOR LIFE.
The Lady: WHICH FACE, MY DEAR?

Curtailed Treatment

TAKEN ill in a strange city, Jones summoned a physician whose office was near-by.

"You are suffering from overwork and the heat, and must stay in bed three days," the doctor said. "I'll drop in every day, and when you can be moved I'll send you up to my sanitarium for two weeks' rest."

Jones peered at the doctor closely.

"Weren't you in the army?" he asked. "Attached to the Empty-steenth Regiment?"

"Yes."

"And that day I was overcome by the heat after six hours' drilling, didn't you tell me to beat it back to my company and report for duty next morning or I'd be court-martialed?"

"I—er—I don't remember."

"Well, I do," Jones answered decisively. "Here's your fee. I'm practicing some economies I learned in a uniform, so I won't need that room in your rest cure, thanks."



BRAWN VS. BRAIN

PROF. DEMPSEY WILL RECEIVE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN A FEW MINUTES' FIGHT WITH A FRENCHMAN

WHILE PROF. JONES EARNS ABOUT THAT AMOUNT IN FIFTY YEARS, TEACHING FRENCH

Vacuum: A Roman Problem Play

In the Original Latin

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PORUS, a Roman husband

CORONA, his wife

AMATUS, her lover

NULL, a maidservant

VOID, a manservant

THE THREE FATES

The action takes place at the villa of Porus and Corona, forty-five minutes, more or less, from the Appian Way.

CORONA, alone in the garden, is seated on a marble bench polishing her nails, when the voice of Amatus is heard as he approaches from the house. He is singing the chorus of the latest Roman street song, "Veni, Vidi, Bolsheviki, means the ship of state is leaky." On seeing Corona his song ceases.

AMATUS (tenderly): Corona, Corona, e pluribus unum.

CORONA (half angry, half pleased): Quo vadis, Amatus?

AMATUS (rapidly): Rosa pulchra, ne plus ultra, sine qua non!

CORONA (bored by his praise): Carpe diem ad nauseam.

AMATUS (undiscouraged): Ad infinitum, ad finem, ad valorem!

CORONA (sharply): Ignis fatuus. (To end the conversation she rings for a servant. Null appears, nods, and disappears at the word "vinum.")

AMATUS (sighing deeply): De profundis, alma mater.

CORONA (impatiently): Reductio ad absurdum.

(The servant returns with the wine, and Corona and her lover drink.)

AMATUS (with feeling): Aqua vitæ, dum vivimus, vivamus; excelsior!

(The manservant, Void, appears to announce the arrival of his master.)

VOID: Paterfamilias Porus. (Porus enters.)

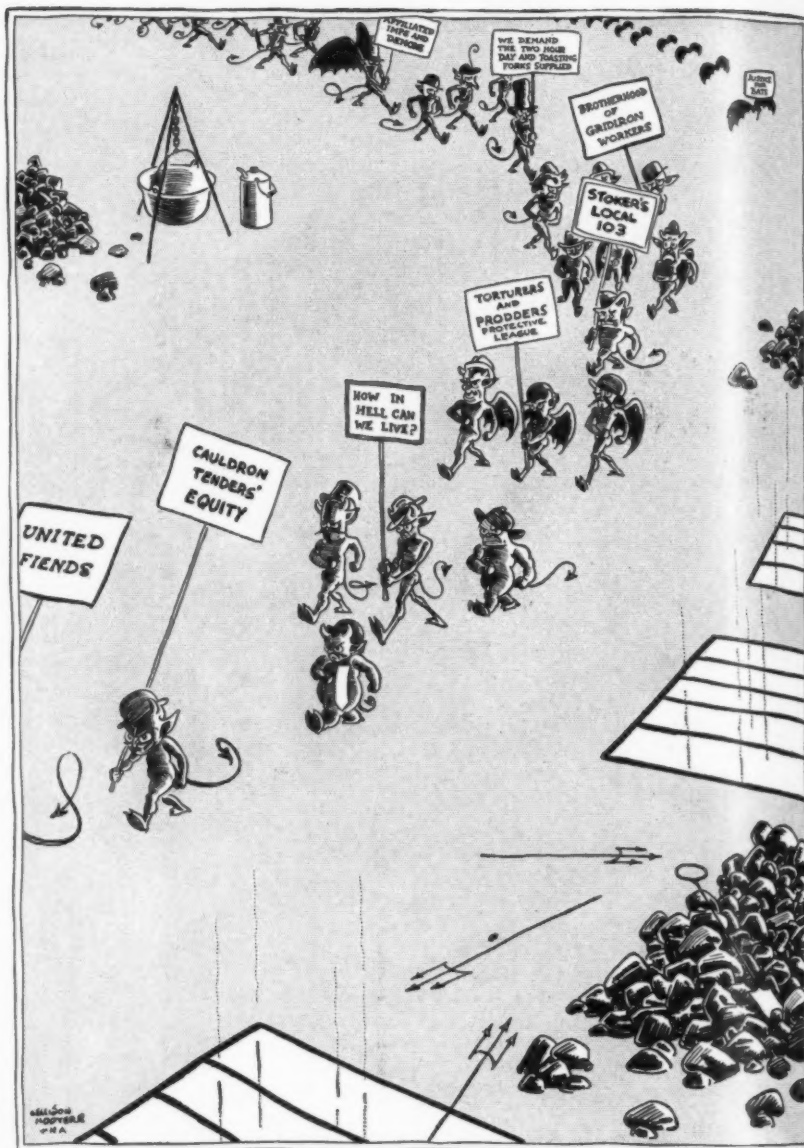
CORONA: Prima facie, carissimus.

PORUS (seeing Amatus, disregards her greeting and addresses her lover in the accusative.) Casus belli ipso facto.

AMATUS (pale): De gustibus non disputandum.

(Porus turns to his wife with a gesture that means, "Go with this man, your lover!")

CORONA (impassionately): Non, non, semper fidelis!



ANOTHER WALKOUT

PORUS (unmoved): Tempus fugit.

AMATUS (apologetically): Humanum est errare.

PORUS (coldly): Habeas corpus pro bono publico.

AMATUS (doubting): In toto bona fide?

PORUS (with a sneer): Caveat emptor.

(Amatus goes over to Corona and takes her hand. She rejects him. Without a word she removes a hairpin from her coiffure and stabs herself with it. She expires neatly.)

AMATUS (remarking death with courageous triteness): Resquiescat in pace.

PORUS (calmly): Quod est demonstrandum.

(The servants Null and Void appear.)

NULL (weeping): O tempora!

VOID (sobbing): O mores!

(Exeunt omnes. Enter the Three Fates.)

FIRST FATE (staccato): Ha, ha, ha.

SECOND FATE (musing): Ha, ha.

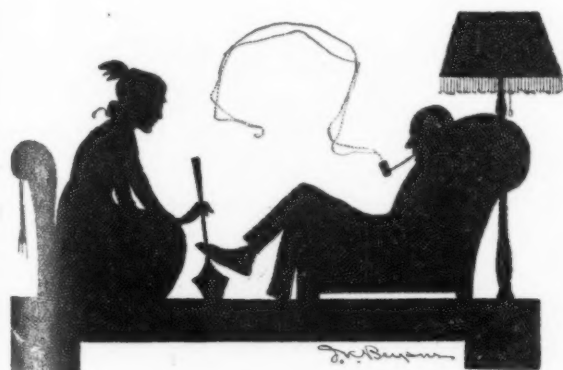
THIRD FATE (sadly): Ha.

Slow Curtain



Mistress: HOW DO YOU DO? SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME TO SEE US!
The New Cook: DON'T MENTION IT. SURE, I'M AS FOND OF A WAKE-IND IN TH' COUNTRY AS ANYONE.

B RIGGS: Do you think Reaper an honest doctor?
 GRIGGS: Well, he told me to eat plenty of butter before I'd paid his bill.



"HOW DID YOU GET ALONG WHILE I WAS AWAY, TOM?"
 "WELL, I LIVED HOME FOR A WEEK, AND THEN WENT TO A RESTAURANT."
 "GOODNESS! WHY DID YOU GO TO A RESTAURANT?"
 "HAD TO. ALL THE DISHES WERE DIRTY."

To a Smiling Maid

NOT to the fairest of fair femininity
 Do I indite an impassioned appeal;
 Maidens are many with look of divinity,
 Still I refuse at their altars to kneel.
 Here on a sphere that is worldly, terrestrial,
 I've no desire a goddess to seek:
 Give me the maid who is far from celestial,
 But who can *smile* every day of the week!

Statuesque maidens abide nearly everywhere,
 Perfect of profile, of humor devoid!
 Worshiped by tremulous suitors who never dare
 Venture a kiss, lest their love be annoyed!
 Down with idolatry! It's a frivolity!
 Give me a girl who is only unique
 In that she's blest with an unfailing jollity,
 In that she smiles every day of the week!

Oliver B. Capelle.

IT requires a great deal of inexperience to be beyond the reach of worry.

The Comic



WHAT a pity that so much of the genuinely comic in American life should be lost because of the apparent difficulty in separating it sufficiently from its background to make it plain to the common view. The American temperament appears as yet to be too immature in the world scheme to have acquired discernment enough to sense the comic. Yet there is nothing esoteric about the comic. Is is, as a rule, sharply differentiated from its environment. The comic part of a man, indeed, may be his greatest asset, if it is inlaid with his other parts in the right proportions. Undoubtedly, however, in extreme cases it takes a kind of genius to keep it in its right place.

Consider the comic part of Mr. Bryan, and what a service it has performed for him. It has kept him interesting and sanitary for a great many years. It is inseparable from his character. The fact that he himself does not know it is there, of course, makes not the slightest difference; for no one who possesses it knows that it is there, unless he be frankly a comedian.

The same thing is true of Mayor Hylan. It is pleasant to think of him and his crudities, because we think of him as being a comic, but no one would think of Mr. Hearst in this way. Therein lies Mr. Hylan's advantage.

The comic may often come from the office a man holds, and impart itself to him merely by the functions he performs. The late Anthony Comstock, because he was the censor of morals, acquired a comic character that stuck to him until his death, and this mantle of comedy has become the property of his successor, Mr. John Sumner, who recently suppressed, or caused to be suppressed, a book by James Branch Cabell. That Mr. Sumner is probably utterly incapable of understanding what Mr. Cabell is driving at need not necessarily be held against him. But, in view of all the obviously indecent things occurring about us all the time, that Mr. Sumner should seek to suppress Mr. Cabell's book lies in the nature of pure comedy. That, undoubtedly, is what makes it worth while. It helps Mr.



A SHORT WINTER TRIP



ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE OFFICIAL AFTER A DAY SPENT IN COLLECTING EVIDENCE

Cabell, and it affords merriment to the few who enjoy comedy.

The test of the comic is that it never accomplishes anything except to furnish a spectacle that gives amusement. The only way, for example, in which Mr. Cabell could be rendered ineffective would be, not to suppress any of his books, but to suppress him. And you cannot suppress others. You always become more or less of a comedian when you make the attempt.

T. L. M.



THE PRETTY-GIRL ARTIST, UPON REQUEST, DOES SOME GOVERNMENT POSTER WORK

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HER ONE REGRET AT LEAVING



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WHEN in doubt,
look in the al-
manac.

All the world is considerably in doubt in these days, and any valid almanac ought to get respectful attention. Madame Thebes' almanac is no more. At least

Madame Thebes is no more. Possibly the almanac goes on, though the French nowadays, being a good deal sated with expectations, would probably want something on account with every forecast.

The *World* publishes an excellent almanac, but it is wholly dedicated to facts and figures. It does not tell you what to expect. To meet this want, the *World* published in its Sunday paper on December 28 "An Astrological Pre-View of 1920," in which Mr. Allen, a licensed astrologer of Washington, tells about this year now current and what Saturn, Uranus, Mars, Jupiter, Neptune and other celestial powers are likely to do to us. "Amazing contrasts and climaxes," he says; "a pronounced spirit of international fraternity inspired by the celestial factors"; "pronounced accentuation of the prevailing unrest during the coming year." That looks like three safeties and the bases full. When he put down, "Peace Treaty liable to be adopted by the Senate soon after the new moon of January 21," he struck out. "But if not adopted then," he adds, "surely to be adopted under rule of the lunation of April 18th, if not sooner."

Perhaps if the Senate can be induced to adopt a rule of lunation operating as a form of cloture, the Treaty might be helped by it, but it will be seen that the Washington astrologer does not entirely relieve folks of the need of guessing for themselves. His conjectures, however, are not worse than those of other people, including statesmen, and not more cryptic than the Parthian word of Mr. Davison of Morgan's, as he took ship for Geneva for a Red Cross meeting—"I am sure that history will be made while I am gone."

It will be so made, of course. It's made while you wait just now, and if you can't wait, or won't, it goes right on making.



WAITING does not always make for patience, but this waiting for history to be made is different from common waiting. To wait for one who stops his talk with you to answer the telephone is often irritating, especially if one is in a hurry, but in waiting for history it is no use to be in a hurry. People who live in epochal times get to realize that after a while, and then their waiting begins to make for patience, and also for indifference to details, and, also a good deal, for contempt. The indifference to details is because details can't mend much of anything until the big ends of the job have been attended to. The contempt is for noise-mongers, profiteers and the

quack-doctors of politics, who vaunt their own remedies and try to get the crowds away from the other quacks' flares.

Take the matter of the Treaty. A fair degree of indifference to details seems very much in order. Also some degree of contempt for persons who would cast out the Treaty altogether because its details are faulty. No doubt the Treaty is not a good document. No doubt it abounds in faults. But it should not be judged like an ordinary document. It is the product of an immense effort made by more or less antagonistic minds, to get together on something that should be a basis of peace and enable Europe to get to work again. Mr. Cotton, reviewing Mr. Keynes' book about it, as quoted last week in these pages, said in effect that all discussion here had been about what the Treaty might do to these States, whereas what was really important was what it would do to Europe. Mr. Keynes thinks it is economically impossible and will raise hob with Europe. He thinks it has put fetters on Germany that will keep her from moving towards recovery. Mr. David Hunter Miller, lately legal adviser to the American Peace Commission, replies to Mr. Keynes that the debt of Germany to the Allies under the Treaty, computed by Mr. Keynes to be forty billion dollars, cuts no ice at all, because the Treaty makes no provision for its payment. It only provides for payment of about fourteen billion dollars, and that, Mr. Miller seems to think, will be all that Germany will ever pay.

No doubt the retort will be that, with the balance of the debt hanging over her and collectable as soon as she shows any assets, Germany will never have the courage to get down to work. There will no doubt be other retorts, but at least the wise men here are now talking about the patient, which is Europe, and not so much about the awful risks run by Doctor U. States in attending anyone who has so dangerous an illness, particularly as it may be catching.

"Indemnity Clause in Peace Treaty to be Revised or Scrapped," runs a headline in a fresh-laid morning paper, and gives "Threatened Economic Ruin and Anarchy in Central Europe" as the reason. So there!



"YOU ARE GOING TO CROSS WATER"



IN the matter of the war, and now of the peace, it is just as well to consider that everybody's mistakes were inevitable, and to be charged to account of the greatest and most constant factor in history-making—the fallibility of man. Man is always fallible, and when the individual man has done his best, the result is never perfect. The thing that we do is to take it for what it is, use it for what it can do, and better it as we learn how. That is what must be done with the Treaty.

The fallible individual man dies presently, but the mass of men doesn't. That goes on, and continuously affords history the wherewithal to be made. It may be as Mr. Keynes thinks, that the affairs of Europe have got beyond the control of statesmen, and will have to be settled by the great forces of humanity that cannot be sidetracked by diplomacy. Very well. We seem to have a comparatively safe seat, and

possibly can watch the settlement without ourselves perishing in the process. But there is one great force of humanity that most of us would like to see more actively engaged. Lloyd George spoke of it on February 5th in words reported to the *New York Times* by Mr. Grasty. He had been asked what he thought of Lord Grey's letter on American reservations and the Treaty. He made an innocuous answer, but then went on to say:

I will tell you what I feel about America. She came into the war at a time when the need for her coming was most urgent. Her coming was like an avalanche. The world has never seen anything like it. Her great army of all ranks gave a service that no man would in 1917 have believed possible. The effort of her navy was beyond praise. The President and the whole administration at Washington, and every branch of American co-operation everywhere, worked closely and effectively with the European effort against Germany. And, finally, the great American people put every ounce of their invincible might into a war three thousand miles away—a war on issues at first strange to them and offering no direct or immediate menace to their interests.

accomplished.

So it will be with the duties that remain. When it becomes clear to the people of the United States what their part should be in the reorganization of the world, they will do it. So far they have not had a chance to find out. They have gone about their personal business while a wrangle went on in Washington, and have listened and wondered and reflected, not without disgust. But when the word really comes to them they will respond. They are game for any adventure that looks to lead toward righteousness and peace. They will not need to go forth to war as they did three years ago, but at a pinch they can make things hum here at home, and somehow, when the call really reaches them, they will.

Meanwhile, our world, though not physically distressed, is full of vanity, vexation and petty squabbles, out of which the minds of men grope towards succor. It is not clear yet whether Hoover is an idea, and so part of a process, or will actually run for office, but when the paper reports that "Representative Claude Kitchin is opposed to Mr. Hoover for head of the (Democratic) ticket," it helps to make one feel that the Hoover impulse has real legs.

And now I can only say that I trust them. I trust their fairness and their sound judgment. And whether they come in or stand aloof, even if they never gave anything more than they have already given, they would leave Great Britain and the whole of Europe under a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

The canny Welshman sets us a good example. If he can trust the American people, we should do at least as much. The great effort he speaks of was managed by fallible men whose mistakes were continuous and appalling, but behind them was a mass that, once it got in motion, could not be stopped until the duty it saw ahead of it was



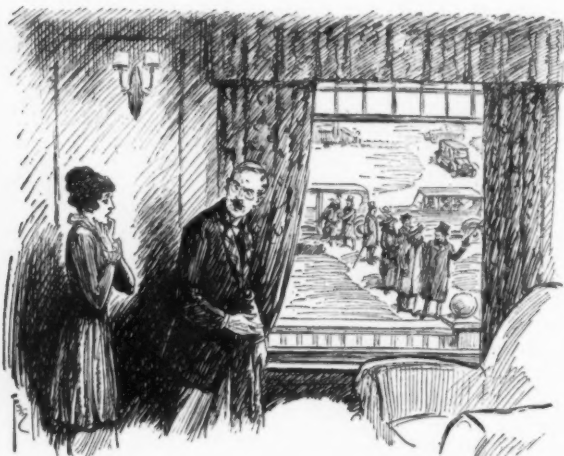




Gladness and Gloom

UNLESS he watches out, young Mr. Charles B. Dillingham is likely to achieve an American reputation as a producer of the better class of girl-and-music shows similar to that enjoyed by Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. George Edwardes in London. Perhaps from them he learned that good taste and some indication of brains in that form of entertainment are quite as important as merely spending money lavishly for costumes, scenery, alleged comedians, embryo prima donnas and countless Maymes and Maggies in the chorus. Adding to his former demonstrations of his ability as a light impresario, he gave us "Apple Blossoms" earlier in the season, and now adds "The Night Boat" to his list.

In this recent effort he provides good material for good people. One may laugh at the lines without self-pity, and Mr. Kern's music rises superior to the jazz and rag-time level. The costumes are tasteful as well as obviously expensive, and the settings attractive. The chief funmakers are that sure-fire comedian, Mr. Jack Hazzard, who knows how to be really funny without offence; Mr. Ernest Torrence, who is very Scotch and equally laugh-inspiring, and Ada Lewis, who accomplishes the difficult task of making a woman under the influence of the prohibited intensely ludicrous without any suggestion of the repulsive. As a dancer Louise Groody simply puts out of commission all anatomical limitations, and large quantities of beauty and considerable talent are supplied by Stella Hoban and her numerous associates of the essential sex.



"ELIZABETH! YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT WHAT I'VE GOT IN THE CELLAR!"



PUPPY LOVE

"The Night Boat" deserves a full passenger list on every trip.



"BEYOND THE HORIZON" is not calculated to encourage the back-to-the-farm movement. It pictures American farm life even more drably than "The Power of Darkness" does that of the Russian peasantry. In the American play despondency takes the place of the brutal tragedy of the Tolstoyan effort. Both are good acting plays, and gain their power to interest because the characters are drawn from close to the earth and are well defined, being elementary in drawing and expression. The story of "Beyond the Horizon" told with conventional characters and in conventional terms would lose much of its force and would be mighty dull. There is, however, a gleam of humor in it, supplied by Louise Closser Hale's method of impersonating the paralyzed mother-in-law, nagging and bitter in word, tone and movement. Outside of this there is little in the play that is not depressing. The excellence of the acting in every rôle only intensifies the dissection of unhappiness Mr. O'Brien and the members of the company so skilfully set before us.

There is and has long been so much that is frivolous on our stage that perhaps we are inclined to over-rate the importance of a play that is deadly serious and yet can strongly hold our interest. It is no disparagement of Mr. O'Neill's apparent ability as a dramatic writer to suggest that before we land the crown of greatness on his head it might be well to ascertain how powerful he can make tragedy without providing for it surroundings gloomy in themselves and characters of more complex composition than the simple types he uses.



BACK to us comes Miss Maxine Elliott, stately and beautiful as ever, winning us in spite of the inconsistencies and lack of convincing quality in the play, "Trimmed in Scarlet."

In what Helen Watterson called "the uneasy sex" there are doubtless women who have been driven to great lengths by an aversion to boredom, but hardly to such a career and such a sudden reversion to maternal form as that here evidenced in the case of *Mrs. Prudence*. But the play is entertaining, if we do not analyze it too closely, and the charming star and a well chosen cast enable us to accept it as possible.



FLORENCE MOORE supplies to "Breakfast in Bed" sufficient vitality and vigor in fun-making to make almost any piece go, but the adaptation of this farce from the French is so unskillfully made that a large part of her effort goes for small profit. She is a remarkably eccentric comedienne with a most unusual personality which could be better fitted, and it seems without difficulty, with a character than in the present case. However, even as it is, she makes many laughs in "Breakfast in Bed."



WITH all the effort brought to bear, "My Golden Girl" is only a girl-and-music show of the usual type. Mr. Kummer in the book provides complications of a very familiar kind, and in the score, outside of the finished workmanship, there is very little of the Victor Herbert of other days. Metcalfe.



Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter as the star. East and West may never meet, but this well acted play of Chinese-American life in San Francisco seems to have met perpetuity.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," by Messrs. Scarborough and Belasco, with Leonore Ulric. The political plots of China appear in the plot of a very picturesque melodrama located in New York's Chinatown.

Bijou.—"His Honor Abe Potash," by Messrs. Glass and Goodman, with Barney Bernard in the title rôle. The career of the Potash and Perlmutter firm continued into amusing politics.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," by Mr. Matheson Lang, with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Romance and entertaining melodrama of the time when the first Napoleon was Consul.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," by Mr. A. L. Martin, with Jane Cowl. Spiritualism, romance and sentiment, with the beauty of the star to decorate those themes.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper," by Messrs. Harbach and Friml. Boarding-school adventures to a tuneful musical accompaniment.

Century.—"Aphrodite." The wickedness and luxury of ancient Alexandria in gorgeous spectacle.

Century Grove.—"Midnight Whirl." Cabaret substitute for sleep.

Central.—"As You Were," with Mr. Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni. Girl-and-music show of no particular brilliancy.

Cohan.—"One Night in Rome," by Mr. Hartley Manners, with Laurette Taylor. Fortune-telling made attractive by the star in an interesting play.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Acquittal," by Rita Weiman. Crime melodrama holding the attention throughout.



"I AIN'T GOIN' TO ARGUE NO MORE. YE'LL RAISE ME WAGES OR YE'LL BUTTON THAT OTHER SHOE YERSELF"

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," by Messrs. Nvitrav and Mandel, with Mr. Clifton Crawford. Farcical comedy, laughable and well done.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. John Drinkwater. An impressive and well interpreted epic of an inspiring period of American history.

Criterion.—"Pietro," by Maud Skinner and Mr. J. E. Goodman, with Mr. Otis Skinner. Complicated character drama with the star in a fairly congenial rôle.

Empire.—"Déclassée," by Zoe Akins, with Ethel Barrymore. Anglo-American society drama, interesting and well done.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," French farce with Florence Moore. See above.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm," by Mr. Langdon McCormick. Melodrama of the Northwest with the brilliancy confined to a forest-fire scene.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Frivolities of 1920." Elaborate but vulgar girl-and-music show.

Fulton.—"Mamma's Affair," by Rachel B. Butler. Showing in well played comedy how the woman invalid messes things up for other folks.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. The divorce colony at Reno made amusing in well acted character comedy.

Garrick.—Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness." Well acted but very gloomy tragedy of Russian peasant life.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms," by Messrs. Kreisler, Jacobi and Le Baron. Agreeable demonstration of what the girl-and-music show ought to be.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells," by Mr. Salisbury Field. Admirably acted and very laughable light comedy.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," by Mr. James Forbes, with Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. Satire on the woman in public life, clever and very well performed.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big developments of spectacle, ballet and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"Clarence," by Mr. Booth Tarkington.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat," by Caldwell Kern, with Ada Lewis and Mr. John E. Hazzard. See above.

Little.—"He and She," by Rachel Crothers. Notice later.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva," by Messrs. Bolton and Middleton. Diverting comedy demonstration of one way to deal with an extravagant family.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," by Mr. Avery Hopwood, with Ina Claire. Amusing and well staged depiction of some phases in New York chorus-girl life.

Lyric.—"Always You," by Messrs. Hammerstein and Stothart. Girl-and-music show of fairly diverting quality.

Marine Elliott's.—"Trimmed in Scarlet," by Mr. William Hurlbut, with Miss Maxine Elliott. See above.

Morocco.—"For the Defence," by Mr. Elmer Rice, with Mr. Richard Bennett. Very well acted melodrama of sex and crime.

Matinees.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Mr. Eugene O'Neill. See above.

Nora Bayes.—"My Golden Girl," by Messrs. Herbert and Kummer. See above.

Park.—Repertory of light operas, pleasantly rendered.

Playhouse.—"The Ruined Lady," by Frances Nordstrom, with Grace George. Cheery comedy with the star successfully displaying her finished art as a comedienne.

Plymouth.—Last week of "The Jest," by Mr. Sem Benelli, with Mr. John Barrymore. Powerful drama of medieval Florence, very well acted.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door," by Mr. Channing Pollock. Melodrama of crime and sex, ingenious in construction and absorbing in interest.

Setwyn.—"Ruddies," by Messrs. Hobart and Hilliam. Music agreeably applied to romantic episodes in life among the A. E. F. in France.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody," by Messrs. Kummer and Romberg. Well staged and interesting musical drama.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Society sex comedy, well written and well played.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene," by Messrs. Montgomery and Tierney, with Edith Day. Sprightly and enjoyable girl-and-music show.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." Another cheer-up for the t. b. m., gorgeously disguised as an elaborate girl-and-music show.



'WHAT'S THE ANSWER?'

EVERY HOUSEWIFE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Resorters

Tuxedo

- A SMALL boy learning to ice-skate.
- A fat man attempting to throw a snowball.
- A good lady enjoying a hot nip.
- A frozen guest trying to look happy.
- A society reporter conversing with the club steward.

Hot Springs

- A gambler dancing with a lady from the west.
- A fat girl horseback-riding.
- A head waiter who looks like an ambassador.
- A group discussing the battle of Gettysburg.
- An invalid eating a table d'hote dinner.

Newport

- A count counting on marrying a certain heiress.
- A gardener eloping with her.
- A sailor wishing he were rich.
- A dowager scolding a servant.
- A sightseer in yellow shoes and a pink shirt.

Southampton

- An actor trying not to pose.
- A tennis player holding a tea cup.
- A little girl biting her governess.
- A broker ordering orangeade with a wink.
- A débutante writing poetry by the sea.

Lenox

- A gentleman taking up golf, and much of the green.
- A chauffeur on a joy ride.
- A man so rich he has forgotten money.
- An artist artfully advertising himself.
- A butler serving tea on the lawn.

Palm Beach

- A woman with no complexion busy protecting it from the sun.
- A politician in a suit that resembles a pair of pajamas.
- A lady looking for someone to thrill her.
- An elderly husband enjoying the beach.
- An actress having her photograph taken.

Wilful

"WHY, Henry! What on earth are you doing up there?"

At first there was no reply from Henry, who was standing on a chair with his arms folded à la Napoleon and his eyes tightly closed. When the question was repeated he deigned to answer. "Hush, my dear; you must not disturb me. I am developing my will, and the book says that I must stand on a chair for five minutes, thinking of nothing. How can I think of nothing when you disturb me with questions?"

"But, dearie, there is a man in the other room to see you."

"Let him wait. I can't talk to him, or even you, and at the same time think of nothing."

"He won't wait. He says he has got to see you right away."

"He will have to wait. Haven't I told you that I am developing my will? When I have done this exercise for ten days I will be on the sure road to success. The book says so. Now let me alone, Marilla, for I must stand on this chair and think of nothing for five minutes."

"B-but, Henry, it's the instalment man about the furniture."

There was no sign from Henry. He had closed his eyes again, and apparently heard nothing. Timidly Marilla went on:

"And—and I simply must tell you this, Henry. He says that if we don't pay him this very minute, he'll take away all the—the chairs."

Contrasts

THIS is evidently a country of violent contrasts. A smoking-room for women has been fitted up in a Chicago theatre, while at the same time a lady is running for president on an anti-tobacco ticket, and the legislature of a southern state has barred tobacco from restaurants. Two prominent prize fighters cannot secure a place to fight in, but senators may come to fisticuffs, and southern mobs have their regular lynching bees.



Visitor: AND WHO IS THIS POOR MAN?

"A SAD CASE, MUM. HE TRIED TO FIGURE OUT HIS INCOME TAX WITHOUT ASSISTANCE."



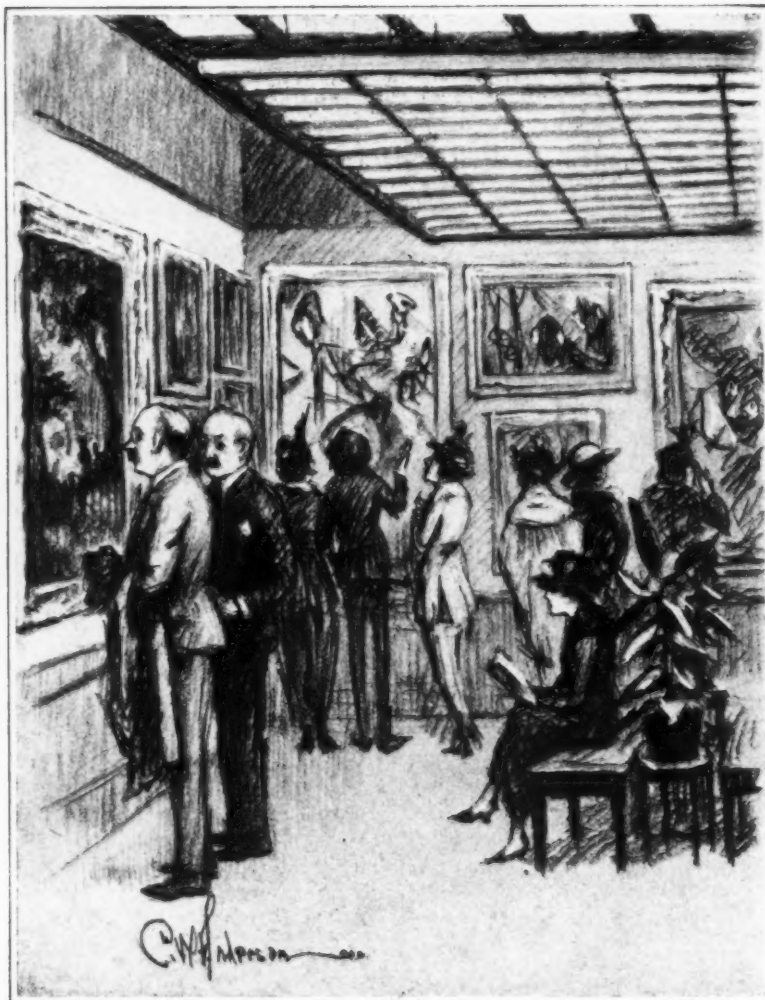
A PERFECTLY NATURAL NATURALIST

The Little House

NO matter how crowded our lives are, each of us really lives within a little cave of his own, a private stateroom. Now and then we ask someone to come a little way inside, or perhaps, when we are not looking and the door is open, he peeps in. But he cannot see everything that is on the shelves, and we are glad he cannot. We know what

is on the shelves in our little stateroom where our soul lives all by itself. We know there are things on those shelves that will always be there—that all the dust of time will never quite cover up from our sight, wish as we may. Let us hope that among the things on the shelves in our soul house there are some that we have forgotten, but that we shall be glad if someone remembers for us some day.

Will Herford.



"I WONDER IF IT'S GOOD?"
 "I DON'T THINK SO. I RATHER LIKE IT."

A Parallel

IDEAS about love are like hairpins. A woman's head is always full of them. She starts to use them at an early age, and gradually learns by experience how they may best be displayed to win admiration and create envy. Some of them are invisible, and some quite ornamental. If she is inclined to give unusual thought to her personal appearance, she tries to have them match her complexion. She is especially careful to have them set her off to good advantage when she is about to appear in public. She may drop one here, lose one there, and misplace one now and then without any disastrous consequences, but let some cause take them all away from her, and she becomes a mess. They sometimes link the false with the true, and mere man can never tell just how sincere they are. It is always easy to get a new set when one is not wholly pleased with one's present supply.

Ideas about love most certainly are like hairpins. They come in various sizes and in many shapes, but they are never, never straight.

Esthetic Dancing as Seen by a Commoner

SEE the Pretty Lady come running out on the stage! How lightly clad she is. Sit on the edge of your chair and lean forward if you wish. Your wife will not frown, nor even kick you in the shin. If the Pretty Lady should roll her eye and sing something to you, you would be taken home. But you may stay for this. It is Classic Dancing.

Look! The Pretty Lady is romping. Every now and then she is in the same time with the music. The orchestra leader works frantically to keep up with her. Poor man, just as he is about to catch up, the lady shifts into high and leaves him a whole prance or two behind.

Hot, isn't it? Especially for the orchestra leader. He is perspiring. He has on evening clothes. So has the Pretty Lady. But she is dressed for later in the evening.

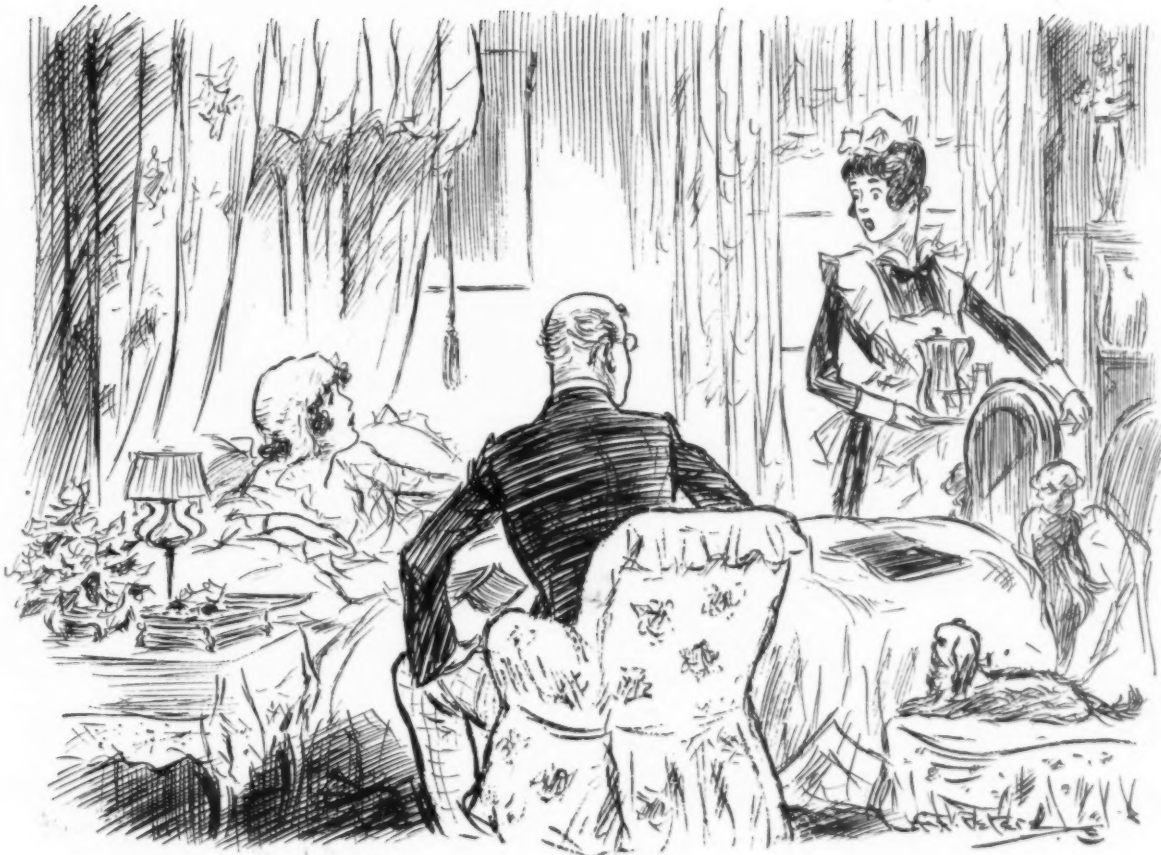
But, ah, now the Pretty Lady has two Helpers. They are not so lightly clad as she. But they have done very well. One of the hired girls beats cymbals out of time, to the great disgust of the trap drummer. The other dances and pretends to play the flute. But she doesn't really. She is too winded.

At last the Helpers are through. They run out to take a shower. The Pretty Lady cavorts three times as hard as before. She seems to be trying to catch an imaginary hop-toad. It appears she nails it just about as it is ready to leap into an imaginary puddle. She dances around with it. But perhaps it wasn't meant to be a hop-toad after all.

Now the Pretty Lady begins to jump



"EXCUSE ME, I NEVER PLAY WITH SUCH COMMON PUPS! YOU CHASE CATS AND BURY BONES, AND HAVE NEVER EVEN WORN A PINK BOW NOR RIDDEN IN A LIMOUSINE"



Doctor: THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING THE MATTER WITH YOU, MY DEAR LADY.
Lady: NOTHING THE MATTER WITH ME! SUSANNE, COUGH FOR THE DOCTOR, THE WAY I COUGHED LAST NIGHT.

about quite wildly indeed. It is some sort of a tableau. At last she sinks to the floor with a plunk. She assumes a very tragic expression. She has lost a lover, one supposes, or got a splinter in her toe.

But no, she is up and out. While the orchestra buzzes extra loudly to prevent your leaving on the excuse it is the end of the show, the Pretty Lady is changing her costume. She is rather longer at it than you might imagine, considering the costume. But here she is again. This time she is an Egyptian mummy—an unwrapped mummy.

The Pretty Lady wiggles her wrists, and walks about stiffly. Perhaps she has caught a cold in her joints from exposure. It reminds you of the time you took the bath in the hotel, found no towels, and modestly hesitated too long trying to remember whether two rings brought the maid or the valet.

Your attention becomes diverted to a box where sit other Pretty Ladies in much deleted gowns. It is then your wife takes you home.

There is all the difference in the world, you learn. The Pretty Ladies in the box are not doing Classic Dancing.

Fairfax Davis Downey.

Civilization

FRANCE says it is art.

England says it is conquest.

America says it is energy.

Italy says it is song.

Russia says it is work.

Japan says it is imitation.

Satan says it is his private "movie."

AFTER all, a tea wagon is only a pushcart that has broken into society.

THE greatest failure in the world—Success.



Customer: EXCUSE ME, BOSS, BUT YE'VE PUT THE STEAK IN THE TILL AND WRAPPED UP ME MONEY

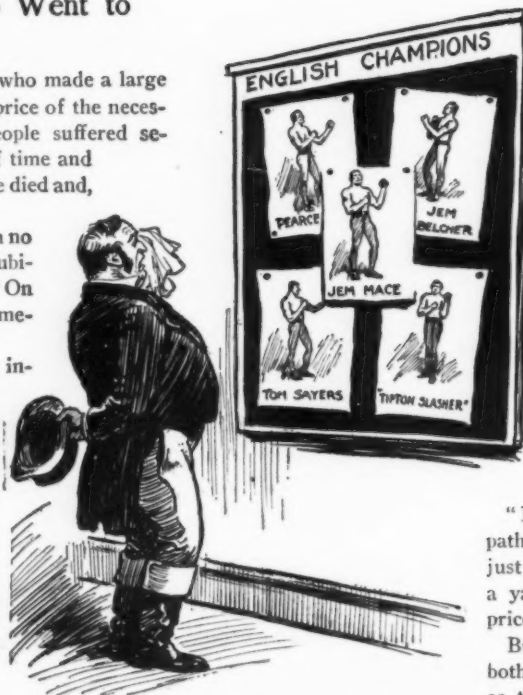
The Profiteer Who Went to Heaven

THERE was once a Profiteer who made a large fortune by screwing up the price of the necessities of life so that many people suffered severely. Finally, in the course of time and in the fullness of his stomach, he died and, to his surprise, went to heaven.

"Are you certain there has been no mistake, St. Peter?" he asked dubiously of the Superintendent. "On earth, I regret to say, I was sometimes a bit—"

"Oh, it's all perfectly right!" interrupted St. Peter. "You're in the right place. The only mistake is you've been put down too low. You belong in the very highest heaven, where the ether's so rarified ordinary angels can't stand it at all. Come right along with me. I'll see that you get where you belong. I don't know whether you'll like it or not, but if you don't, of course, you're at liberty to leave."

"Do you mean to say some



"THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS!"

people—angels, I mean—don't like heaven?" demanded the Profiteer in astonishment, as the two made their way upward.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the Superintendent. "Quite a large proportion decide against it as a permanent residence. As I said, the air's a bit thin, and— But here we are, so you can see for yourself."

As he said this, the two entered the outer gate. The Profiteer's teeth, or what were symbols of his earthly teeth, were chattering with the cold in the rarified atmosphere.

"It l-looks very nice," he stammered. "But c-couldn't I have a robe to k-keep warm with?"

"I'm sorry," replied St. Peter, sympathetically, "but the price of robes has just gone up. They now cost ten virtues a yard. Of course, if you've got the price—"

But the Profiteer hadn't the price, as both he and St. Peter were well aware, so there was nothing more said about a robe. (Continued on page 335)



WHERE THE TIME-TABLES ARE HATCHED

Silver Edge

BRAKE LINING



BRAKE lining edged with silver is *real* Raybestos. We put this silver edge on Raybestos for *your* protection. There are many substitutes; there are inferior imitations, and these are often sold as Raybestos.

WHEN you buy brake lining—look for that Silver Edge. It identifies Raybestos. It means that you will get the brake lining service you are entitled to. It means that you are assured of one year's WEAR.

There are many brake linings, but only *one* lining edged with Silver. Remember this when you buy new lining for your car.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Raybestos

brake lining guaranteed to wear one year



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Small Talk

"I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter Mary. "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic a few weeks ago."

"Oh, mother, don't go; you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence.

"We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she said.

"Yes," replied the widow. "I haven't been able to get the week's washing dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."

—Tit-Bits.

THE average reporter is as accurate as the average man he interviews.

—St. Augustine Record.



Professor (on the campus): WE EVIDENTLY HAVE A BUDDING SCULPTOR IN OUR MIDST. IT BEARS A CURIOUS RESEMBLANCE TO SOMEONE I HAVE SEEN

What Money Can Buy

A heart to love you till you die,
That's a thing that money can buy.

A look of love from a loving eye,
That's a thing that money can buy.

A tongue that never will tell a lie,
That's a thing that money can buy.

An ear to hear when "Come" you cry,
That's a thing that money can buy.

Ear and tongue and heart and eye,
These are things that money can buy;
Wherever dogs are bought and sold,
There are things that money can buy!

—New York Tribune.

An Honorary Degree

A chimney sweep who was complainant in a case in Edinburgh gave his name as Jamie Gregory, LL.D.

"Where on earth did you get that distinction?" asked the attorney.

"It was a fellow frae an American university," answered Jamie. "I sweepit his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,' he says, 'but I'll mak' ye LL.D. an' we'll ea' it quits.' An' he did, sir."—Boston Transcript.

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CHRISTOPHE PLANTIN was a 16th century printer. He knew and collaborated with the most learned men of his day. Notwithstanding that printing paper and presses as we know them were unknown to Plantin, his works were renowned for beauty and accuracy, and several were produced at the behest of royalty. His printing establishment at Antwerp is still maintained as a typographic museum and is a Mecca for all lovers of printing.

From Christophe Plantin to these men



THESE men are typical modern printers at work in a modern press-room. Between their shop and Plantin stretch over three centuries of printing, but these centuries are jeweled with names like De Vinne, Franklin, Caslon, Jensen, Bodoni and Aldus. The printer from whom you will order your next catalog has a background of men who strove to produce Better Printing. With the help of Better Paper these men will be part of the background of the printer of the future.

better
paper
better
printing

PRINTING is an art which is fostered by commerce. It is, nevertheless, an art, and the men who follow it are as proud of good work as Benjamin Franklin was when he printed with his own hands, from copper plates, the paper money for the Province of New Jersey.

Printing has thriven under the impetus which catalog and booklet advertising has given it. Better Paper has also helped to make Better Printing possible, and so has the fact that Better Printing pays.

Whatever the reason why Better Printing pays, it *does* pay, just as better window dressing or better counter display or better finishing of any merchandise pays.

So, because we knew that Better Paper meant Better Printing, we standardized

the manufacture of all grades of Warren printing papers which are now known as the Warren Standard Printing Papers.

These papers are sold on the basis of the better work they will enable the printer to do. Your printer wants to do better work. Examples of printing on Warren Standard Printing Papers are to be seen in Warren Service Pieces, Suggestion Books and Brochures which the larger print shops have on exhibit. These books are also in the offices of leading paper merchants, and in those clubs whose libraries are devoted to the examples and lore of printing.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



Printing Papers

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



One of the Boys

The small son of a prosperous lawyer recently discovered his mother engrossed in the unusual task of placing a patch upon a pair of his little knickerbockers. As the stitches were not exactly professional and the new piece of slightly different material, the addition was very obvious to the most casual observer.

"Never mind," said mother to the woman. "I suppose everyone ought to learn how to do it, and Junior can wear these knickers in the house."

"Oh, mummy," expostulated the youngster, "mayn't I please wear 'em out? I never had any patches before, and all the other boys are wearing 'em."

—New York Evening Sun.

Unfilial

"The Blanks treat their mother shamefully—they no longer laugh at her jokes."

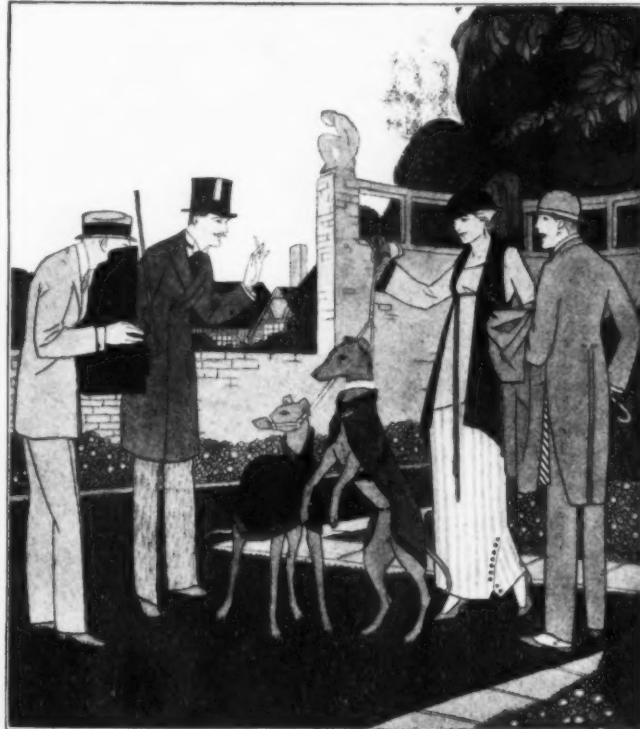
—New York Evening Post.

THIS is our idea of hospitality: we load people down with kindness until their backs break, and then wonder why they don't die happy.

—Hampton Roads Monthly.

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Convenient to Theatres and Shops*

THE BILTMORE
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Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and
refinement invariably
PREFER Deities
to any other cigarette

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Smaragdis

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Now, What Did She Mean?

A busy business woman had engaged outside help to wash and clean up house. As they entered the kitchen, on arrival of the help, who had been recommended as a jewel, the mistress said:

"This kitchen's in an awful state, Mary. I—"

"Never mind, missey; I've used to white folks."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Just Like Home

MISS A.: Is that boarding-house as homelike a place as they advertise it to be?

MRS. B.: I find it so. They have a row with the cook almost every day.

—Boston Transcript.

WHAT everybody knows is not enough with which to run a bootblack stand, let alone a government.

—New York Tribune.

You never can tell what will happen when a cocked hat gives up its dead.

—New York Sun.

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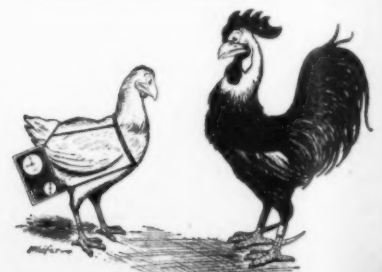
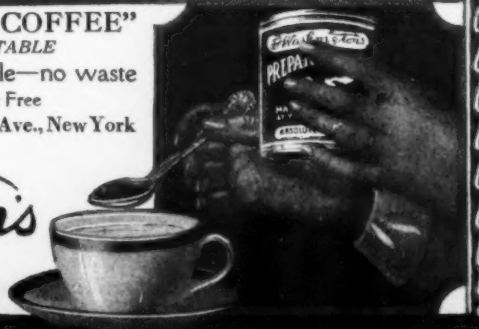
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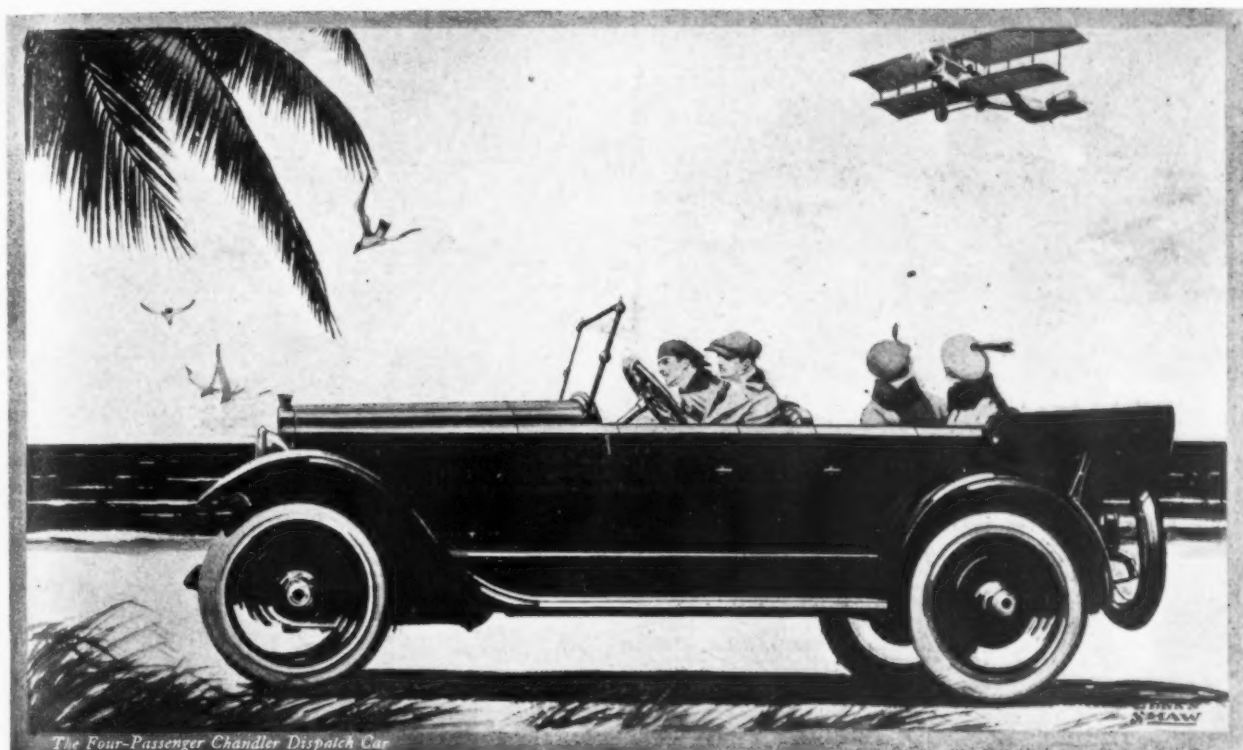
ORIGINATED BY MR. WASHINGTON IN 1909



He: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! WHAT KIND OF A
THING IS THAT YOU'RE WEARING, MARY?
She: YOU SILLY! IT'S THE NEW AUTOMATIC
EGG METER, WHICH NUMBERS AND STAMPS THE
DATE ON EVERY EGG.

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



The Four-Passenger Chandler Dispatch Car

Europe Welcomes The Chandler Six

NOW and then you read something about "French style and line" in automobiles, or perhaps it's "the newest English idea." And some folks have gone across to get the newest suggestions.

Europe hasn't built automobiles for five years and Europe is crying for new cars and good cars.

America's style is Europe's style now.

The Chandler Six, popular in many other countries for years but kept out of Europe the past three years because of war-time prohibition of shipments, is welcomed everywhere in Europe now,—welcomed for the

excellence of its performance, and quite as much for the beauty of its styles of body.

The Chandler, represented in the British Isles by Messrs. H. G. Burford & Company, Ltd., of London, was exhibited by that old established English automotive house, at the great Olympia Motor Show, and was "quite the sensation of the show," says a London cable. "Three hundred and seventy Chandlers were sold in two days."

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The Chandler Offers Highest Value At The Fairest Price

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1895

Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, \$1975

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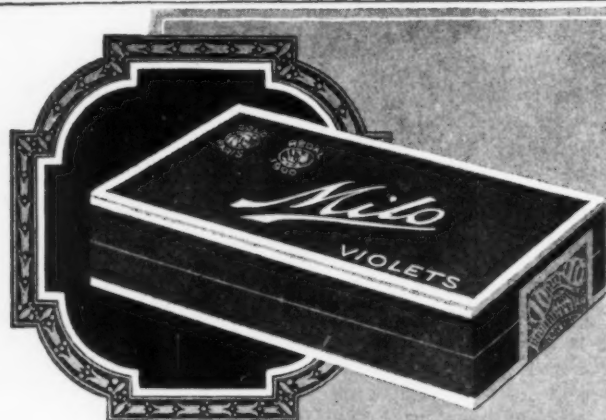
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"KITTY, I'LL TAKE YER GUM AWAY FROM YE IF YE CAN'T CHEW
LIKE A LADY"

Past and Future

WHEN I was through with war and strife and finished with the army, I said, "Henceforth my style of life is one that cannot harm me; No, not for me the speedy plane I used to pot the Hun with; A second-handed little Ford will do to have my fun with. This thing of dodging through the skies has made me tense and nervous. I'll make my tours in Pullman trains when I am through the service. And bump to work in trolley cars like other city dwellers. And thank my stars I'm not behind the blast of air-propellers.

"That's me when I
Don't have to fly
With army aviators;
The only time
I'll ever climb
Will be in elevators."

For, oh, how sick I was of war! how weary of the army! I thought that always I'd abhor whatever might alarm me. I said, "I'm done with split-tail stunts and wild and reckless chances; It's me to play things safe and sane in placid circumstances. I'll take my risks in auction bridge and penny-ante poker, Where there's no German Fokker bus to be the little joker. Let others gamble in the games of danger and endurance. My family'll be old and gray when they get my insurance!

"I'll never take
The jobs that make
A fellow's frame grow thinner;
I plan to plod,
Acquire a pod,
And nod each night at dinner."

But now—I'm thinking of the bus I used to roam the sky in, That roaring, darting combat Spad that once was mine to fly in, For she was swift and sure and true, a lulu and a darling, And in my dreams I zoom aloft, I hear the motor snarling. Ah, that was living like a man! a game of zest and danger, While here, in all this humdrum round I feel myself a stranger. Does someone seek the rainbow's end—the gold that lurks below there?

If I can have a plane to drive, I'll take the chance and go there!

A plane that's trim
And swift and slim
As through the clouds I weave her,
And till I crash
In one last smash
You won't get me to leave her!

Berton Braley.

The Profiteer Who Went to Heaven

(Continued from page 328)

"How about a crown or a harp?" ventured the Profiteer, after a short silence. "A harp would at least give me a little exercise."

"I'm sorry," replied the Superintendent again, "but the price of harps has just been raised. The best harps cost forty-five virtues now, with only five per cent. off for cash. And of course nothing but the best would satisfy you."

Again there was silence.

"A pair of wings would be some protection," began the Profiteer, but St. Peter cut him short.

"Wings are absolutely out of the question. They've risen so in price lately that we've canceled all orders. I'm sorry, but—"

This time the Profiteer was silent quite a while.

"See here!" he cried finally, when the cold had become unendurable. "Let's go back. I'm not particular about being in the topmost heaven. I want to get warm."

"Ah! I'm afraid we can't go back," replied St. Peter, gravely. "We had a pass on the way up, but travel's gone up outrageously lately. Tickets cost five virtues a mile now. There's only one place you can go from here free of cost."

"Where is that?" demanded the Profiteer, eagerly.

St. Peter pointed ominously downward. For a moment the Profiteer was silent.

"Well," he said finally, "if it must be, I'd rather go below than freeze up here without a robe or a harp. The prices are simply outrageous."

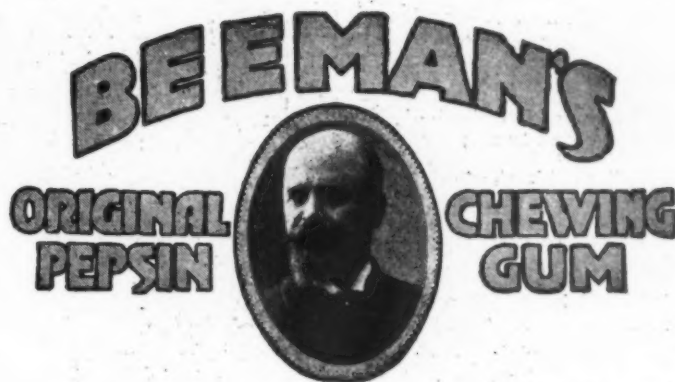
"Come this way," said the Superintendent quietly, and he led him to one corner of the street, raised a manhole and dropped him down it.

As he turned away, he muttered: "Sic semper profityrannis."

William Wallace Whitelock.



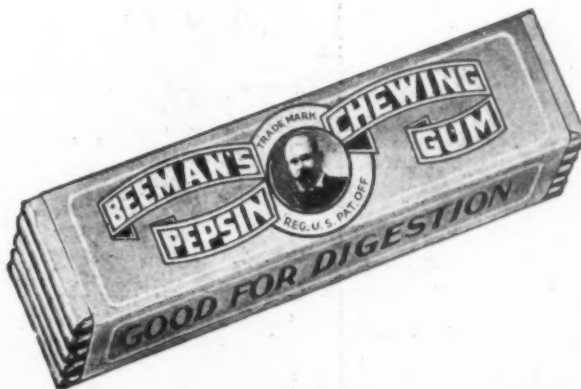
"I'D LIKE TO GET A COOK."
"BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON OR DINNER?"



Common Sense and Digestion

The routine use of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal aids digestion by stimulating the flow of saliva which is so essential for the proper digestion of food.

Business men and business women often attribute to other causes a decrease in their efficiency, when it is really due to a slight indigestion resulting from hasty mastication and insufficient saliva.



American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
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A Bolshevik Love Song

FAIR Rifka, hearken, while I shriek
A serenade in Bolshevik.

To aid me in my mad career,
I need a buxom wife, my dear—

A woman who'll co-operate
In smashing up affairs of state;

Who'll juggle bombs, and flirt with death,
And kill, without a bated breath;

Whose carmine lips will laugh when gore
Flows freely just outside the door.

Ah, maiden, if you'll only try,
I'm sure that you can qualify.

And so, fair Rifka, I bespeak
Your heart and hand, in Bolshevik!

Oliver B. Capelle.

"We Have with Us Tonight"

Sievelets

A SIEVELET regards the world as an open-air establishment where the dirty linen is to be washed publicly at the brook. He lives in a portable isinglass tent which he sets up in the market place for everyone to see him dress in the morning and undress at night. And he is sublimely unconscious that he is doing anything unusual. He would be astonished if you called his attention to his defect, and his astonishment would take the turn of pitying you as not being all there above the eyebrows.

The Sievelet is the friendliest of creatures. No matter how big a capi-

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thing to know in buying
thermometers.



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"WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, MISTER?"
"THE PRICE OF EGGS."

talist you are, he still regards you as having some semblance to a human being. Some of them have even a kind word for their landlords. But this friendship has nothing personal in it. What and who you are, what your joys and sorrows may be, concern him no more than a plot concerns a musical-comedy librettist.

The brotherhood of the Sievelet is based solely on the fact that you have a pair of ears into which he can empty, five seconds after meeting you, the entire unabridged story of his life. He begins from the time he let out his first yelp up to the moment of his forty-eighth birthday, when he told his wife and the five children that if they didn't like the way he was doing things they could all get up and pack, and he'd be darned glad to get rid of them. The Sievelet is about as shy as a boiled cabbage in a boarding house, and just about as dainty.

Wherever you go and wherever you travel you come across him. He drops down beside you in a Pullman as if he had known you all his life, and starts in at once to bale out. He unloads every intimate detail of his boresome career, and stops only when he has delivered every scrap. He lets you know that his son is a lazy, stupid, ungrateful idiot, who probably will end up by becoming a matinee idol or vice-president. And oh, that woman, his wife! But then what else can you expect from a Perkins? He took her out of a shanty; yes, sir, out of a shanty.

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ESTABLISHED 1887

INCORPORATED 1904

"Old Town Canoes"

Lightness

One chap said an "Old Town Canoe" was so light he "thought it would float on a heavy fall of dew." That's an exaggeration, but it will float loaded in the shallowest water. An "Old Town" is light as a cork and quick to respond to the slightest stroke of the paddle. Write for catalog showing different models in use. 3000 in stock. \$67 up from dealer or factory.

OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY
1932 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



But is she grateful for everything he's done for her? *She!* Huh! You don't know her. And, my dear man, that daughter of his! Prims and paints the whole day long, before her mirror, until you could go mad. And for all that, will she ever as much as look at a man? Too independent. He'll have her on his hands all his life, see if he doesn't.

But the Sievelet *par excellence* is the placid, pouter-bosomed lady who



Doctor: YOU NEED MORE IRON IN YOUR BLOOD.

Ex-Doughboy: SAY, DOC, I'VE GOT TEN PIECES OF SHRAPNEL IN ME NOW THE SURGEONS WERE NEVER ABLE TO LOCATE.



The Human Side of Service

More than a year has passed since the signing of the Armistice, yet all the world still feels the effects of the War. The Telephone Company is no exception.

More than 20,000 Bell telephone employees went to war; some of them never returned. For eighteen months we were shut off from practically all supplies.

War's demands took our employees and our materials, at the same time requiring increased service.

Some districts suffered. In many places the old, high standard of service has been restored.

In every place efforts at restoration are unrelenting. The loyalty of employees who have staid at their tasks and the fine spirit of new employees deserve public appreciation.

They have worked at a disadvantage but they have never faltered, for they know their importance to both the commercial and social life of the country.

These two hundred thousand workers are just as human as the rest of us. They respond to kindly, considerate treatment and are worthy of adequate remuneration. And the reward should always be in keeping with the service desired.



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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System


Universal Service

upholsters the porches of summer hotels. She has the pleasantest way of nodding you over to her side, and the smoothest talent imaginable of unfolding the long, endless skein of her adventures. You know, Henry, her husband, is really a nice sort, as nice sorts go, but his fondness for wearing woolen underwear the whole year round is inexplicable. And although her mother-in-law—you know, Mrs. Jeshup of 980 Stuyvesant Avenue?—

plays Chopin with much feeling, she has such a detestable habit of falling asleep in company after dinner and snoring with her mouth wide open. And so on. And so forth. And also etcetera.

Sievelets are the September Morns of conversation.

A GREAT many interesting and quarrelsome men are made dull and placid by a happy marriage.



PURITY CROSS
Deviled Tongue
Seasoned to a turn—not
spiced to burn. Great!
Handy tins—All Quality Stores
FREE BOOKLET
"The Daily Menu Maker"
PURITY CROSS MODEL KITCHEN
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

by a Master Chef in a Model Kitchen—PURITY CROSS Chicken a la King, Welsh Rarebit, Creamed Finnan Haddock, Lobster Newburg, Chop and Creamed Spaghetti au Gratin, Deviled Chicken, Deviled Ham, Boned Ham, Vienna Style Sausage, Corned Beef Hash, etc.

Fine Lawns Kept Fine

Cutting large plots of grass with hand mowers is a tedious, expensive job. Labor is scarce and its cost is high.

If you are encountering difficulties in securing labor—if the cost of keeping your lawn in good condition is becoming excessive, the Ideal Power Lawn Mower will solve your problems. Being a power mower and roller in one, the Ideal permits economical year round care. Will cut from four to five acres of grass per day and is used with great success on private estates, public parks, golf courses, cemeteries, etc.

The Ideal is simple and trouble-proof. Anyone can operate it. Sold on a guarantee of positive satisfaction. Write for literature and details, also name of our nearest dealer.

Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.

R. E. OLDS, Chairman
468 Kalamazoo St.
Lansing, Mich.

"Does the work of
5 Hand Mowers"



THE CONTAGIOUS LAUGH

AMERICAN EXPRESS
TOURS
to
THE FAR EAST
Sailing from
San Francisco, February 28th, March 6th,
April 27th, June 26th
Visiting Japan, Korea, China,
The Philippines
A Cherry Blossom Tour to Japan only,
Sailing from Seattle March 19th.
Write for details.
AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
65 Broadway, New York

Improbability

EXPECT the sun to sink from sight,
And never shed again its light;
The moon to hide its winsome face
Eternally from all the race;
The stars to close their sparkling eyes,
And ever vanish from the skies;
The earth to stop its nervous spin,
And rest in some celestial inn;
The seas to cease to swallow ships
That prove too tempting for their lips;
And hell to change from an abyss
Into a land of perfect bliss;
But, notwithstanding what she may
Have said or done, in a curt way,
To wound a heart, or crush a soul,
Or smudge affection's aureole—
Do not expect, in any wise,
A woman to apologize.

Ralph M. Thomson.



Mourning for Bacchus

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: I have lived five years in France, and was last in the States during those almost forgotten days when President Wilson was running for a second term on a platform of peace, prosperity and a reduced cost of living.

I visited my old home in Virginia for the first time in ten years, and my whole experience prompts me to make a few observations, mostly on Prohibition.

Great Scott! What has happened to the United States I used to know? The little Virginia town where I was born is a good illustration. Where are the house parties, the round of innocent gaiety, the merry meetings in the afternoon and evening at the County Club, the Tennis Club or the B— Club? Every sign of them gone, and the buildings converted to the use of the Salvation Army, the Y. M. C. A. and the country jail, respectively. I asked an old acquaintance the cause.

"Prohibition," he replied briefly. "The clubs all went blooey as soon as the law became effective in this state. The town is dead."

I met an old sweetheart on the street one day, and inquired concerning her husband, an old schoolmate.

"He is all right," she replied, and added with an embarrassed smile, "The only trouble with him is that he is dead on his feet, and don't know it. Can't you take him back to France with you and let him get on a real tear? I think it would do him good. Wish I could go myself."

How vividly my old home recalled my father, a man who had time to be the best of companions to his large family of boys, the life of a hunting party or other social occasion, whose home was ever full of guests and poor relations, and yet who made a conspicuous success in his profession. I remember, too, the good wine that was ever on his table,

ATHLETES

Golfers, Tennis and Base Ball Players use

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



The Antiseptic, Healing Powder to shake into the shoes and sprinkle in the foot-bath, because it takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and makes walking a delight.

Shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes in the morning and notice the difference in your comfort during the entire day.

The Government supplied 1,500,000 lbs. of Powder for the Feet to the troops during the war.

Be sure to get Allen's Foot-Ease. At dealers everywhere. Sample Free by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

as generous as his own hospitality. Alas, it is hard to see how this new, drear atmosphere can produce his like again.

New York, where I spent two years as a reporter, was familiar and pleasant. Prohibition has not affected her, as far as I can see, and she remains like an incorrigibly frivolous girl whose latest fad is to add a sober touch to her fripperies. It is in rural communities such as I have described that the blight is most apparent.

In three days I shall be on the sea, speeding back to Nice and my wife and child. There I shall be among a people on whom Fate has seemed for centuries to delight in playing her cruellest pranks. And yet, thank heaven! they have not forgotten how to smile, how to be kind and courteous, nor have they lost the genius of hospitality. I shall continue to serve my country faithfully, but until we come out of this gloomy thralldom in which we now seem steeped, I must confess I prefer to serve it from a distance.

C. R.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 17, 1920.

LIFE has nothing better to offer than a pal that is constant, a slave that is willing, a guardian that is alert; in other words, a *Palisade Police Dog*.

PALISADE KENNELS
Merrick Road
ROSEDALE
Long Island
Box 90



Be a Finger Print Expert



Police departments, factories and industries everywhere are adopting this system of identification. Experts needed at once. You can train yourself in spare time at home. Write for details.

Free Book—Write Valuable and interesting book on finger prints absolutely free and prepaid. Also details of special limited offer. Write at once, while this offer lasts.

UNIVERSITY OF APPLIED SCIENCE
Desk 2539, 2772 Wilson Avenue, CHICAGO

Another Recruit

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: I am sure there are many young ladies like A. N.,* who have an ambition to aid in giving a true understanding of the English character, ideals and political ambitions.

Unfortunately for America, Americans of education and refinement often hesitate to express their views, so that the field is left almost entirely to loud-mouthed, ignorant parties of sinister motives.

This has given the mass of the people a false idea on many points, and America has already begun to suffer from it.

I am a native of Ireland, and understand the Irish and English, also the party that represent themselves as "Irish" in this country. The terrific, calumnious, vile attacks on anything English or British are well known, and unfortunately they are often accepted as truth.

I, too, like A. N., would like to join some society that had for its purpose the dissemination of truth about the English character and ideals.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT T. KNIPE.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 28, 1920.

*The letter by A. N. was published in LIFE of January 22.

The Point of View

"GEORGE," the little wife said, "you're the most stubborn person I've ever known. Here I've been telling you why you're on the wrong side of politics, and you won't admit I'm right."

"But, Gertie, dear," he answered, "I've been trying to convince you that you were wrong and I was right. You're the stubborn one, I'd say."

"Not a bit of it," she answered angrily. "You're the stubborn one. I have the courage of my convictions!"

IF Peace would only be still, that might help some.

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS
FOR
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

An "Extra Metal Quality"— that gives greater distance

MOST of us want clubs that put "results" entirely up to our actual golfing ability—our *form*. This is the special reason why so many thousands of golfers have in the past year or so switched to Monel Metal Golf Heads. The cause is more than psychological—more than accidental. It is because the nickel alloy known as Monel Metal possesses an extra "resiliency," an added metal quality that establishes a clean-cut compact of ball and metal, giving greater distance.

Monel Metal Golf Club Heads are fabricated by a process that insures a better control of weight-balance in each individual head model.

The same extra strength, the same durability, the same wonderful power to resist corrosion, to live longer against superheated steam and deadly acids in commercial use, makes Monel Metal superior for Golf Club Heads.

Try the "feel" of one. If your usual source cannot supply you, write us for descriptive booklet. Address the Monel Metal Products Corporation, Bayonne, N. J.

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NICKEL COMPANY**
43 Exchange Place, New York, N. Y.

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GOLF HEADS

INCo MONEL METAL **INCo NICKEL**

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

A complete line of golf club heads to fit your particular requirements.



The Sentimentalist



The Playwright



The Bolshevik



The Pessimist

SPECTACLES

THOUGHTS and THINGS

The business of living, when boiled down to its clearest essence and all the froth skimmed off, is just a matter of thinking.

Each of us is continually thinking ideas of our own and swapping them for the ideas of others. If there is a famine of outside ideas we shrivel up ourselves. Children with "nobody to play with" are unhappy and unmanageable.

From thinking with our heads to doing with our hands is but a little step and then our thoughts become things.

It is because men of America are so unfettered in their thinking and doing that this country is such a fine place to live in. It is also because these thoughts are freely radiated and spread broadcast, in the distribution of manufactured things and in the distribution of the facts about them (advertising), that this country is such a fine place to live in.

The originator of an idea is not much better off than before he originated it till he gets some one else to absorb it and enjoy it and benefit by it.

The man or woman surrounded by better thoughts and things but who pays not the slightest attention to them is not much better off than the one with "nobody to play with."

Advertisements are thoughts—telling you about the ideas that other men and women have thought out for your happiness. Read the ads. They are the voices from hundreds of thousands of looms, shops, foundries, studios, laboratories, where millions of minds are turning pleasant thoughts into worth while things for your comfort.

· LIFE ·

Parfum
"Un Air Embaume"



—the exclusive perfume
with a touch of the Orient

Rouge
Sachet
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Vanity Case
Face Powder
Toilet Water
Talcum Powder
Solid Face Powder

Rigaud
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YOU can always look forward to a pleasant and comfortable day when you have given your hair the best possible treatment, by the use of

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

Especially this is true if you appreciate the value of waviness and brilliance. Canthrox is the shampoo that rapidly softens and removes dandruff, excess oil and dirt. It makes a perfectly healthy scalp which will naturally produce attractive, vigorous hair. Canthrox also gives that massy fluffiness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure.

At All Drug Stores

No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. Just dissolve a tea-

spoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that Canthrox is the most pleasant, the most simple, in all ways the most

effective hair wash, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address on receipt of postage to cover mailing expense.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 102, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.



Ethel: THERE'S THAT HORRID MRS. HAWTY. SHE'S ALWAYS PUTTING ON AIRS.
Mabel: GIRLS, LET'S PERSUADE HER TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB AND GET EVERYBODY TO VOTE AGAINST HER.

Going Straight

THE revival meeting was at its height, and the congregation overflowed through the opened doors of the church. The preacher—a chocolate Sunday, you might say—was “preachin’ direc’ from the Bible.”

“Now,” he shouted, “we goin’ to see what the Lo’d say ‘bout sin.”

Opening the Bible, he ran his finger down to the text. Then he shook the book at the sinners.

“What does the Lo’d say ‘bout sin? Lo’d say: Man is prone to sin! That’s it, brethe’n, man’s prone to sin. What’s that mean? Why, that means if you’ hangin’ around the corners shootin’ craps, you’ prone to gamblin’—you’ prone to sin! And if you all time takin’ what don’ belong to you, you’ prone to thievin’—you’ prone to sin! What you goin’ to do, brethe’n? What you goin’ to do? Why, just tu’n you’ prone around the othah way and be prone fo’ good!”

*A dangerous warning
—bleeding gums*



**Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS**

ARE your gums tender? If they bleed when brushed, so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which affects out of five people forty, not only destroys the teeth, but wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea, the gums become spongy, recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the mouth of the infecting pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

You can keep pyorrhea away. Vary your dentist often for treatment and gum inspection and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used time and used consistently. Oral dentifrices cause this. Forhan's For the Gums firm the gums first to healthy—their color white and clean.

Start using it today. If you have receded, Forhan's according to directions, consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Canada.

FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds



In Winter Time When Children Cough

ON rainy, slushy days, little folks come in cold and wet. Perhaps tender little throats become irritated and inflamed, and troublesome coughs develop.

It is then that Piso's proves its worth. A teaspoonful—if given immediately, will often prevent more serious winter ailments from developing. It will bring comfort to little folks and big folks too, by soothing tickly, scratchy throats and coughs—by relieving hoarseness. Keep Piso's always in the medicine cabinet ready for instant use when needed.

Since Civil War days Piso's has been the same. Safe, effective, a real home help. The formula is on every package.

30 CENTS AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

Contains no opiate.

Good for young and old.

Piso's Throat and Chest Salve is remarkably beneficial when used in connection with Piso's.





**Your choice of
four forms**

Shaving Cream
Holder-Top Shaving Stick
Shaving Liquid
Shaving Powder

Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

If you prefer to use a shaving cup, as many still do, ask your dealer for Williams' Mug Shaving Soap or Williams' Barber Soap.



After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c for a trial size of either the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

"Good-natured before breakfast!"

"You know the greatest test of a friend is whether he can be good-natured before breakfast. That's where my old friend Williams' made his reputation, with his everlasting good nature in the early morning.

"No task is too stiff for him. Blondes and brunettes look alike to his rich and creamy lather. He is not particular about the weather. He just says 'Come on, the water's fine', and gets busy. Even with a dull companion he plays the game out to the last stroke.

"Nobody who has ever met him has had the face to resist his smooth manner. Ask the oldest patriarch you know—he'll put his hand on his beard and swear that Williams' is the best friend a man ever had."

Williams' Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., MAKERS OF WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS, TOILET SOAP, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.